

From the North British Review.

1. *Narrative of the United States Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea.* By W. F. LYNCH, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. London, 1849. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.
2. *Narrative of an Expedition to the Dead Sea.* From a Diary, by one JOHN PASTY. Edited by EDWARD P. MONTAGUE, attached to the United States Expedition Ship "Supply." Philadelphia, 1849.

So, the disenchantment of the world goes on! The world's gray fathers were content with seven wonders. Thirty years ago, we might learn by books that there were at least a hundred wonders of the world; but where now is there *one* to be found! No sooner did the phrenologists find out the whereabouts of our faculty of "wonder," or "marvellousness," than straightway there ceased to be anything in the world to wonder at. About a hundred years ago, almost everything beyond our own islands, and even much that was in them, was wonderful to us. The world was so unknown—men and nature were so little understood—that all things beyond the range of everyday experience were marvellous; and where so much regarded as strange was known to be true, unthought-of and endless wonders were supposed to lie hid in the unascertained portions of the world. Hence the imaginary voyages of Robinson Crusoe, of Philip Quarll, of Richard Davis, of Peter Wilkins, and of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, were scarcely beyond the bounds of human credulity, and were by not a few received as true accounts of true voyages. Indeed, it might have been thought to require some hardihood to distrust even the immortal Captain, seeing that his "true effigies," in a very respectable peruke, were, as we happened lately to notice, prefixed to the early editions of his work. Who shall indeed set bounds to the possibilities of pleasant wonder, when the learned of the land were convinced by the daring impudence of George Psalmanazar, and were eager to send missionaries and Bibles to the interesting people to whom he professed to belong, and for whom he invented a language, the grammar of which seems to us the most daring attempt ever made to throw dust into learned eyes. But, that learned eyes are not always the keenest, seems to be shown by the temporary success of that most astonishing experiment upon human credulity. O! happy people, who lived in days when there was something to wonder at—when the fountains of marvellousness, now, in these latter days, dried up, played in full stream, and sprinkled some refreshing excitements over this dreary life. But what have we now left? All the world has been

disenchanted:—every creek and cranny has been explored; and we have long ceased to expect the accounts of newly-discovered islands and continents, which ever and anon gladdened the hearts of our ancestors with something new and marvellous. Even if we had that expectation, it would cease to be exciting. We should be sure that the unknown would be like something we know. There is really nothing new under the sun—nothing even in expectation. Even the interior of Africa, still unexplored—and from whose gates Dr. Bialloblotzky now returns bootless home—is regarded with but languid interest by all but the one in ten thousand who has some zeal for geographical discovery. There is sure to be some sand. But what do we want to know of more sands, and sand-storms, and camels, and all that sort of thing? There is perhaps a lake. Well, there is nothing wonderful in that—we know all about lakes. There are perhaps new tribes of blacks. Nay, spare us—what do we want of any more blacks? We know all about them through and through; and what signifies some trifling addition to their variety—a darker or lighter shade—a stronger or laxer twist of wool—a somewhat less utterable jargon—a somewhat more hideous huggaboo? There is no bracing wonder here. We do not expect a new animal—scarcely a new plant: and when lately we were authentically told of a real wonder, in the shape of a sea-serpent, one half the world arose in its wrath at the attempt upon its organ of wonder, and at the assault upon its firm purpose not to wonder at anything the world contains; and the other half turned lazily upon its side, grunting—"Pshaw, what is there wonderful in a sea-serpent? An eel is a sea-serpent—a conger is a sea-serpent—and one somewhat bigger than a conger-eel is no great matter."

Now-a-days, we know the Persians, the Turks, the Arabs, the Hindoos, better than our grandfathers knew the French, the Italians, the Spaniards, or the Germans. The North American Indians, the South-Sea Islanders, the Esquimaux, we know far better than the Russians, Danes, and Swedes were known a hundred years ago. Even the Chinese have ceased to amaze us. Their tails—why, fifty years ago we were ourselves not tailless;—their edible bird-nests turn out, when seen and explained, to be nothing *very* strange. Cats may be, after all, not bad eating;—and the small feet of the ladies may, for aught we know, be a salutary domestic institution.

Then, look at the results which the existing facilities of intercourse have produced upon our estimate of places which it was once an untiring wonder to talk of, and a life-adventure to visit. Rome and Naples are as well known to us as

Paris was some fifty years ago. Constantinople is better known to us than Rome was then; and with Jerusalem, Cairo, Damascus, we have now a far better acquaintance than we had twenty years ago with Petersburg, Lisbon, or Madrid. Palestine once afforded rich material for the play of the associative faculty upon the organ of wonder; but presently came that great iconoclast, Dr. Robinson, of New York, who, by disproving one thing and doubting another, has left but little even there, in that cherished corner of the world, for the wonder of which entire belief is a most essential condition.

Wonder belongs to a time of ignorance, and we say that the days of ignorance have passed. What is there to wonder at? We know everything; and that which we understand ceases to be wonderful. Look at the map of the world. There is not a spot on which we can lay the finger whose inhabitants are not well known to us. They are differentiated by small matters—dress, habits of life, shades of color, climatic influences. Strip them of these, and we come by a swift process to our brothers—the sons of a common father—like ourselves in all that is essentially the man; moved by the same impulses, subject to the same pains and the same pleasures, subdued by the same dreads, and nourished by the same hopes. The psychologist who dissects their souls finds them all as like to one another, and all as like to us, as does the anatomist who explores their bodily frame. So with animals. All the most remarkable creatures of the world have been brought to us from the uttermost parts of the earth; and existences which to our grandfathers were all but fabulous, we now regard as familiar things. Our zoölogical gardens and menageries; our "Penny Magazines" and "Museums of Animated Nature," have quite disenchanted this branch of the world's life. Its strangest things have passed from the realm of wonder; and the discovery of a really new beast, or bird, or reptile, would now awaken out a languid interest in the general mind. So of plants. Where are their wonders now? Within thirty years, thousands of plants from all parts of the globe, most of which had not even been heard of, and many of which were examined with wonder, have become the well-known inmates of our stoves, our green-houses, and even our gardens. A morning's walk, or a short ride, will take any inhabitant of London and other large towns among the most remarkable forms of transmarine vegetation. Here are the palms and bananas of tropical climes, breathing an atmosphere by which you are almost suffocated; there a thousand whimsical shapes of the cacti and of the unearthly orchids meet the view; and here the singular pitcher-plants distil their waters. Depart now, wonder-proof! Travel where you will, you will see, you can see, nothing to astonish—nothing more wonderful than that which you have seen with your own eyes at home.

And even in the phenomena of nature, the age of wonder has passed. We know everything;

we can account for everything. Gases, vapors, and electric fluids are familiar things. We not long ago looked upon their spontaneous operations in nature with awe and wonder. But by and by we grew bold in the presence of those awful powers. We ventured to lay our hands upon their manes, we vaulted upon their backs, and soon bowed down their terrible strength to our service.

Besides, this in which we have lived has been in all respects a most extraordinary age. It has been full of all kinds of wonders—social, moral, historical, physical, scientific—so vast, so prodigious, as to render familiar to us, as matters of present interest and daily thought, results and facts, greater, intrinsically more strange, than any that past ages, or any that distant countries offer to our notice. This has tamed down the sense of wonder. We can wonder at nothing; for nothing is so wonderful as the things that have become our daily food. Even history is disenchanted. The strangest things have become comprehensible, possible, commonplace. The great conquerors of ancient days have in our own times been surpassed. The revolutions—the changes of past times—each one of which was a subject of curious speculation, have been exceeded in our own days. Subversions, any one of which was erewhile good talk for a century, have been crowded upon us by the dozen within the space of a few weeks. If the sense of wonder in civilized man has not been wholly destroyed, we cannot doubt that this age in which we live will be looked back upon by our children's children as more replete with wonders than any which the world's history has hitherto recorded.

But what has all this to do with the Dead Sea! it may be asked. Much every way. Amid the general diswonderment of the world, we could feel that at least the Dead Sea, with all its mysteries, its horrors and marvels, was left to us. It became a sort of safety-valve for the fine old faculty—the source of so much innocent excitement, which was smothered everywhere else under heavy masses of dull facts and circumstances. But gradually, and with aching hearts, we have seen this retreat cut off from us. One traveller after another has stripped off some one of the horrors which overhung its deeps, or rested on its shores; and now at last it stands naked before us—a monument, indeed, of God's wrath against the sins of man, but invested with none of the supernatural horrors ascribed to it, or exhibiting any of the features which are not the natural and inevitable effect of the peculiar condition into which it has been brought.

As the books now before us bring all the questions with respect to this lake into their final condition, they afford us a favorable opportunity of stating the question as regards the past history of the Dead Sea horrors, and of showing what has been really done by the expedition in advancement of our knowledge. In this we must rely chiefly upon our own resources; for the commander of the expedition helps us very little

further than by stating what he saw, and what he did. He appears to have had a sincere zeal in the enterprise, which originated in his suggestions, and he exhibited much energy and considerable tact in carrying out his objects in spite of the obstacles he encountered. He also knew *how* to observe, at least as a sailor, and he states well and clearly the process and results of his observation; but he scarcely knew *what* to observe, and certainly has not turned the rare advantages committed to him to all the account of which they would have been susceptible in the hands of a more literate traveller. Oh, that Dr. Robinson or Eli Smith had been of the party! Between their learning and deep studies in Palestine geography, and Lieutenant Lynch's practical energies, we might have had something far more worthy than the book before us of being set forth as the result of this most praiseworthy and liberal enterprise, which is in every way most creditable to the United States government, and contrasts advantageously with the unutterable meanness of our own government in all things of the sort. What is there in our position which places the inevitable mark of shabbiness, procrastination, and futility upon whatever our rulers do for the encouragement (!) of literature, art, and scientific investigation? Despotism powers act handsomely in such matters. So, as we now see, in this and other instances, can a republican government, quite as amenable as our own to the people for the employment of public money. Whence this unhappy *peculiarity*, for it is no less, of our position among the nations of the earth—with wealth more abundant—dominions more widely spread—and advantages far greater than any other nation ever possessed? We hope to look into this matter some day; but must now keep to our text.

Before proceeding to state the results which have been promised, we may give the reader some notion of the books before us. The second and smaller of them has been procured with difficulty; and the accounts which fell under our notice in American papers might have been sufficient to prevent the desire to see it; but it occurred to us that the different position and point of view of the writer would induce him to state some particulars which might throw light on the other account, or furnish some points of comparison with, or contrast to it. We are bound to say, that in this case there has been discreditable haste even in the authentic account by the commander of the expedition, in taking advantage of the public curiosity, without proportionate regard to the real advantage of the public and the interests of science, by the preparation of a well-digested account of the explorations. The writer actually apologizes for the manifest defects of his book on that very ground.

As soon as possible after our return I handed in my official report, and, at the same time, asked permission to publish a narrative or diary, of course embracing much, necessarily elicited by visiting such interesting scenes, that would be unfit for an official paper. To this application I was induced

by hearing of the proposed publication of a Narrative of the Expedition, said to be by a member of the party. The permission asked was granted by the Hon. J. G. Mason, Secretary of the Navy, with the remark—"I give this assent with the more pleasure, because I do not think that you should be anticipated by any other who had not the responsibility of the enterprise."

Feeling that what may be said on the subject had better be rendered imperfectly by myself than by another, I have been necessarily hurried; and the reader will decide whether the narrative which follows was elaborately prepared, or written "*corrente calamo*."—Pp. v. vi.

It would, however, have been much better that it should not have been so written. The object was not adequate to justify the production of a very crude account—which this certainly is—of an expedition to which the public funds had been applied, and in the results of which all Christendom was interested. After all, the rival account was produced before the authentic statement appeared; and the object of haste being thus frustrated by a work which could satisfy no cultivated mind, more time might have been safely taken. Perhaps, indeed, our worthy sailor could not, with any amount of time, have produced a much better book; and we regret that he had not been advised to put his materials into hands better qualified than his own to do them justice. Dr. Robinson might have made something of them. The lesser book, however, appeared before the other, and was an obvious and gross attempt to forestall the market. On its appearance it was disavowed by Lieutenant Lynch; and from the explanations which passed on both sides in the American papers, but which do not appear in either of these volumes, it seems that Mr. Montague is an Englishman, who held a petty officer's berth on board the "*Supply*." He was left ill of the small-pox at Port Mahon on the outward passage, and saw nothing of the expedition from the 1st of February, 1848, two months before it landed in Syria, until it reëmbarked at Malta on the 12th September following. It is evident, therefore, that he has no responsibility save of literary execution for that part which relates to this long interval, and which, he alleges (but not in the book) was prepared from the diary of one of the men. His claim to any peculiar qualification for this task is not very clear, unless it be that he performed part of the outward voyage with those who afterwards formed the exploring party—and to which very common run he devotes no less than ninety pages. Again, he was with them for several weeks on the homeward voyage, and might have picked up by questioning the men all that he here states. But we believe, from internal evidence, that he had, as he states, the diary of one of the men for his guidance. There is, indeed, in the part Montague might have furnished for his own observations, the same vile taste, the same school-boy balderdash, and the same wretched forecastle slang as in the rest; but it is only afterwards that we encounter the peculiar American crow which pervades the rest of

the volume, and continually starts up in such delicious phrases as—"We Yankee boys flinch not; we fear neither the wandering Arab nor the withering influence of disease; we fear neither the heat of the sun nor the suffocating sirocco. We have determined souls, enduring constitutions, plenty of provisions, lots of ammunition, swords, bowie knife, pistols, Colt's revolvers, and a blunderbuss which is capable to scatter (*sic*) some fatal doses among any hostile tribe; we have officers as determined, cool, and brave as—ourselves (!); and for a commander, one of the best, most humane, thoughtful, and generous men in the world, who lacks nothing in the sense of 'bravery,' and the resolute 'go-a-head' spirit of a real, true-born American." Again—"We Yankee boys can perform wonders, and are not yet out of spirits." Again—"Such an accumulation of difficulties and disappointments are sufficient to cause any other than *Americans* to give up to despair." Again—"However, the true-born, undaunted American never flinches from his duty,"—and so on, "cock-a-doodle doo!" after the manner of Captain Ralph Stackpole, throughout. From this and other signs, we have no doubt that *this* account of the expedition was drawn from the notes of one of the American sailors (they were all picked native-born Americans) of the expedition; and though upon the whole a worthless, trashy book, one may pick up a notion or two out of it, seeing that it is at least real, when we are enabled to view the same object through the eyes of *both* the commander and of one of his men.

The larger and authoritative work will considerably disappoint expectation on the grounds at which we have already hinted. Notwithstanding the gallant author's disavowal of "author craft," the work has most visible signs of book-making. The information respecting the proceedings of the expedition is not advantageously exhibited, for wants of adequate information in the writer; and taking it as it is, it might, with great advantage, have been compressed within half the space over which it is spread; for there is much in the volume on common and exhausted topics and places before we come to the Jordan and after we leave the Dead Sea. It may also be added that the book is disfigured by much of a kind of uncouth and very commonplace sentimentality, which is fearfully out of keeping in the account of a scientific expedition. Perhaps, however, the very qualities which detract from the value of the work in the eyes of serious philosophers may help it much in the circulating libraries—and it is certainly a sufficiently readable book. In our esteem the value of the work is greatly enhanced by the engravings. These are from drawings by Lieutenant Dale, the second in command of the expedition, and who appears to have well merited the designation of a "skilful draughtsman," which is given to him. The interest of these lies in their representing subjects mostly new to the eyes of those who have been wearied with the five-hundredth repetition of the same scenes and objects. The views on the

Dead Sea are of special and remarkable interest, and the costume figures are also striking and suggestive, although with one or two exceptions very wretchedly engraved; and the effect of the Arabian figures is spoiled by the stiff cable ropes which are twined around the *koofeyehs*, or head-shawls, in place of the soft twists of wool or camels' hair of which this head-band is really composed. But the sketch-map of the whole course of the Jordan between the lakes of Tiberias and Asphaltites, with its rapids and innumerable bends, and that of the Dead Sea, through its whole extent and in its true shape and proportions, are both invaluable; and their production, without a word of letterpress, were well worth the whole cost and labor of the expedition.

The history of that expedition we may now state, before examining the results which it has realized.

After the surrender of Vera Cruz in May, 1847, when there was no more work for the United States' navy in these parts, Lieutenant Lynch applied to his government for leave to circumnavigate and thoroughly explore the Dead Sea. After some consideration, a favorable decision was given, and he was directed to make the requisite preparations. At the beginning of October the lieutenant was ordered to take the command of the store ship "Supply," formerly the "Crusader." This vessel was to be laden with stores for the squadron in the Mediterranean; and while preparing for this regular duty, the commander made the arrangements that appeared needful for the more special service. He had constructed, by special authority, two metallic boats, one of copper and the other of galvanized iron. These boats were so constructed as to be taken to pieces for convenience of transport across the land; but, as the taking the boats apart was a novel experiment, and might prove unsuccessful, two low trucks (or carriages without bodies) were provided, for the purpose of endeavoring to transport the boats entire from the Mediterranean to the Sea of Galilee. The trucks, when fitted, were taken apart, and compactly stowed in the hold, together with two sets of harness for horses. The boats, when complete, were hoisted in, and laid keel up on a frame prepared for them; and with arms, ammunition, instruments, tents, flags, sails, oars, preserved meats, cooking-utensils, the preparations were complete. Nothing that could conduce to the safety or success of the expedition seems to have been overlooked. Air-tight gum-elastic water-bags were even procured, to be inflated when empty, for the purpose of serving as life-preservers to the crew, in case of the destruction of the boats. Great care was also taken in the selection of the crew intended for the special service. Ten "young, muscular, native-born Americans, of sober habits," were chosen, and from each of them was exacted a pledge to abstain from intoxicating drinks. "To this stipulation," says the commander, "under Providence, is principally to be ascribed their final recovery from the extreme

prostration consequent on the severe privations and great exposure to which they were unavoidably subjected." Besides these few men, Lieutenant Dale and Midshipman Aulick were attached to the expedition; and the commander had with him his son, who took charge of the herbarium. Thus the party consisted in all of fourteen persons, to whom were subsequently added, as volunteers, Mr. Bedlow and Dr. Anderson, the former at Constantinople, and the latter at Beirut, where also an interpreter was acquired in the person of an intelligent native Syrian called Ameuny. We should like to know whether this was the person of the same name who, a few years back, studied in King's College, London. We feel almost sure that this is the same person; and, in that case, we know that he was qualified to render far greater services to the expedition than he has credit for on the face of the narrative.

The Supply sailed from New York on the 21st of November, 1847, and reached Smyrna on the 18th February, 1848. From Smyrna the officers of the expedition proceeded to Constantinople in the Austrian steamer, with the view of obtaining from the sultan, through the American minister, permission to pass through a part of his dominions in Syria, for the purpose of exploring the Dead Sea, and of tracing the Jordan to its source. The account of this journey occupies too much space; and even the writer of the lesser account, although avowedly remaining behind at Smyrna, treats us to an account of Constantinople, prepared, it would seem—like the other notices of places which he is fond of thrusting in—from those invaluable authorities, the geography books for the use of schools.

The commander had the honor of an audience of the young sultan, and manifests some disposition to plume himself upon the republican freedom of his demeanor. There is, we must say, much bad taste of this sort throughout the book. We are also indulged with some rather twaddling observations upon the character of the sultan, and the impending downfall of the Turkish empire. The latter is a subject on which we are sorely tempted to have our say too; but we will not at this time allow even Lieutenant Lynch to seduce us from our proper theme. The desired authorization was granted; and the sultan even appeared to manifest some interest in the undertaking, and requested to be informed of the results.

Thus armed with all necessary powers, the officers returned to Smyrna, rejoining the Supply, which sailed the next day (March 10) for the coast of Syria, and, after touching at Beirut and other places, came to anchor in the Bay of Acre, under Mount Carmel on the 28th.

The expedition men, with the stores, the tents, and the boats, having landed, an encampment was formed on the beach, and the Supply departed to deliver to the American squadron the stores with which it was charged, with orders to be back in time for the reëmbarkation of the exploring party. "With conflicting emotions," writes

Lieutenant Lynch, "we saw the Supply stand out to sea. Shall any of us live to tread again her clean familiar deck! What matters it! We are in the hands of God, and, fall early or fall late, we fall with his consent." There was certainly room for serious reflection. The fates of the unhappy Costigan, and more recently of Lieutenant Molyneux, both of whom perished of fever caught on the Dead Sea, were but too well calculated to damp the spirits of the adventurers. Even the thoughtless sailors felt its influence:—

We had been told, (it is stated in the Montague book,) that there never was an expedition planned to explore the Dead Sea which had prospered, some fatality, like the unerring dart of an eagle, had always pounced upon its brave fellows; they had been sick, and lingered but a short while, and had died in this unfriendly climate; or had been attacked by the bloodthirsty Arabs, plundered, and then murdered. These things had taken place so recently, that the murderer has scarce sheathed his sword—the smoke from his pistol has scarce died away in the atmosphere—the unerring spear has scarce stayed from its quivering—and the blood of the murdered has scarcely yet been dried up by the prevailing heat, or absorbed by the surrounding earth. But we Yankee boys, &c.

The first difficulty of a practical nature was how to get the boats across to the Sea of Tiberias. The copper boat, we should have noticed, was named Fanny Mason, and the other, Fanny Skinner—two very pretty and appropriate names for the navigation of the Sea of Death. The boats, mounted on the trucks, were laden with the stores and baggage of the party, and all was arranged most conveniently—only the horses could not be persuaded to draw. The harness was also found to be much too large for the small Syrian horses; and although they manifestly gloried in the strange equipment, and they voluntarily performed sundry gay and fantastic movements, the operation of pulling was altogether averse to their habits and inclination. What was to be done! Oxen might have been tried, and we have no doubt that they would have performed the task well; but they were all engaged in the labors of the field, it being now "the height of seed-time," (which must be a mistake for *harvest*,) and Lieutenant Lynch generously hesitated to withdraw them from that essential labor. He was thinking of taking the boats to pieces, though most reluctant to adopt that course, when the idea of trying whether camels might not be made to draw in harness crossed his mind. The experiment was tried; and all hearts throbbed with gratitude as the huge animals, three to each, marched off with the trucks, the boats upon them, with perfect ease. It was a novel sight, witnessed by an eager crowd of the natives, to whom the successful result disclosed an unknown accomplishment in the patient and powerful animal, which they had before thought fit only to plod along with a heavy load upon his back.

This difficulty, and some others, thrown in their way by the Governor of Acre, being removed,

the party at length set forth from the coast on the 4th of April. They were accompanied by "a fine old man, an Arab nobleman, called Sherif Hazza of Mecca, the thirty-third lineal descendant of the prophet." As he appeared to be highly venerated by the Arabs, Lieutenant Lynch thought it would be a good measure to induce him to join the party; and he was prevailed upon to do so with less difficulty than had been anticipated. Another addition to the party was made next day in the person of a Bedouin sheikh of the name of Akil, with ten well-armed Arabs. This person, described as a powerful border sheikh, had become known to them at Acre, and on now visiting him at his village of Abelin, he was induced to attend the expedition "with ten spears," which, with the sheikh and sheriff, and the servants of the latter, made fifteen Arabs in all. The exploring party itself amounted to sixteen, with the interpreter and cook; so that altogether, with the Arabs gallantly mounted, with their long tufted spears, the mounted seamen in single file, the laden camels, and the metal boats, with flags flying, mounted on carriages drawn by huge camels, the party presented rather an imposing aspect. "It looked," says the commander, proudly, "like a triumphal march."

Some difficulty was experienced in getting the boats over the broken and rocky upper country, the roads being no better than mule tracks; but by breaking off a crag here, and filling up a hollow there, and by sometimes abandoning the road altogether, difficulties were overpassed, and the whole equipage reached the brink of the slopes overlooking the basin of the Galilee lake. How to get them down into the water was still some question.

Took all hands up the mountain to get the boats down. Many times we thought that, like the herd of swine, they would rush precipitately into the sea. Every one did his best, and at length success crowned our efforts. With their flags flying we carried them triumphantly beyond the walls [of Tiberias] uninjured, and amid a crowd of spectators, launched them upon the blue waters of the sea of Galilee—the Arabs singing, clapping their hands to the time, and crying for *backshish*—but we neither shouted nor cheered. From Christian lips it would have sounded like profanation. A look upon that consecrated lake ever brought to remembrance the words, "Peace, be still!" which not only repressed all noisy exhibition, but soothed for a time all worldly care. Buoyantly floated the two "Fannies," bearing the stars and stripes—the noblest flag of freedom now waving in the world. Since the time of Josephus and the Romans no vessel of any size has sailed upon this sea; and for many, many years but a solitary keel has furrowed its surface.—P. 162.

This "solitary keel" is, it appears, the same that the party bought for six pounds, and put in repair to relieve the other boats in transporting the baggage. It was called "Uncle Sam;" and on the 10th of April the boats were pushed off from the shelving beach, and sought the outlet of the Jordan; Uncle Sam, rowed by Arabs, being preceded by his two fair daughters—Fanny Mason leading the way, closely followed by Fanny Skinner; the

allied Bedouins, with the cattle, proceeding along the shore, under the command of Lieutenant Dale. The real business of the expedition here commenced, and aware of this, the commander made a division of labor, assigning to each officer and volunteer his appropriate duty. Mr. Dale was to make topographical sketches of the country; Dr. Anderson was to make geological observations and collect specimens; Mr. Bedlow was to note the aspect of the country on the land route and the incidents that occurred on the march; Mr. F. Lynch was to collect plants and flowers for the herbarium; to Mr. Aulick, who had charge of the Fanny Skinner, was assigned the topographical sketch of the river and its shores; and Lieutenant Lynch himself, in the Fanny Mason, undertook to take notes of the course, rapidity, color, and depth of the river and its tributaries, the nature of its banks, and of the country through which it flowed—the vegetable productions, and the birds and animals which might be seen, and also to keep a journal of events.

The descent of the river occupied above a week, as the bathing-place of the pilgrims, somewhat above the Dead Sea, was not reached until the night of the 17th. During this time the water party had generally, in the evening, joined the land party on the shore, and remained encamped until the morning. But little information concerning the river could be obtained at Tiberias, and it was therefore with considerable consternation that the course of the Jordan was soon found to be interrupted by frequent and most fearful rapids. Thus, to proceed at all, it often became necessary to plunge with headlong velocity down the most appalling descents. So great were the difficulties, that on the second evening the boats were not more than twelve miles in direct distance from Tiberias. On the third morning it became necessary to abandon poor Uncle Sam, from its shattered condition. It was seen that no other kind of boats in the world, but such as those which had been brought from America, combining great strength with buoyancy, could have sustained the shocks they encountered. The boats were indeed sorely bruised, but not materially injured, and a few hours sufficed to repair all damages.

The immense difference between the levels of the Lake of Tiberias and the Dead Sea—the latter having been, by the best observations hitherto obtained, ascertained to be no less than 984 feet lower than the former—had recently been called in question both by Dr. Robinson and Carl Ritter. In the "Bibliotheca Sacra" for August, 1848, Dr. Robinson has a statement on the subject, which may be thus summed up:—

The result of the survey made by Lieutenant Symonds of the royal engineers gives 1311·9 feet for the depression of the Dead Sea, and 328 for that of the Lake of Tiberias below the sea-level of the Mediterranean. Seeing that the distance between the two lakes does not exceed one degree, this would give to the river Jordan, which passes from the one to the other, a descent of 16·4 feet per mile. Of several rapid rivers, whose course is stated, the lower part of the Orontes, "roaring over

its rocky bed," and unnavigable, and the Missouri at the Great Falls, are the only ones whose rapidity of descent can compare with this. "But the Jordan, so far as known, has neither cataracts nor rapids, and its flow, though swift, is silent. Yet, of the 984 feet of its descent in 60 geographical miles, there is room for three cataracts, each equal in descent to Niagara; and there would still be left to the river an average fall equal to the swiftest portion of the Rhine, including the cataract of Schaffhausen." On these grounds Dr. Robinson hinted there might probably be some error in the calculation, affecting the results. We must admit there was ample ground for the doubt thus expressed, and which the great Prussian geographer declared that he shared—but seeing that a few weeks were destined signally to subvert the whole reasoning, and the doubt that rested on it, there is a striking resemblance between this and Mr. Cobden's famous declaration respecting the unchangeable peacefulness of Europe. The great secret of this depression is solved by our explorers on the basis of the very facts whose non-existence Dr. Robinson too hastily assumed. First, there *are* rapids. The boats plunged down no less than twenty-seven very threatening ones, besides a great number of lesser magnitude; and then, although the direct distance between the two lakes does not exceed sixty miles, yet the distance actually traversed by the stream in its course—found to be exceedingly tortuous—is at least 200 miles, reducing the average fall to not more than six feet in each mile, which the numerous rapids in that distance render very comprehensible. Thus the great depression of the Dead Sea below the Lake of Tiberias is established both by scientific calculation and by actual observation—by two independent lines of proof, which support and corroborate each other.

The larger narrative traces, with great and proper minuteness, the changing aspects and circumstances of the river at the successive stages of progress. These details are so numerous and so various that it is difficult to generalize them. We are, therefore, glad that Montague's sailor, in his more general and less responsible view, supplies a few lines, which, corroborated as they are by the commander, will serve our purpose well. He says—

The banks of the Jordan are beautifully studded with vegetation. The cultivation of the ground is not so extensive as it might be, and as it would be, if the crops were secured to the cultivator from the desperadoes who scour the region. The waters of the Jordan are clear and transparent, except in the immediate vicinity of the rapids and falls. It is well calculated for fertilizing the valleys of its course. There are often plenty of fish seen in its deep and shady course; but we see no trace of the lions and bears which once inhabited its thickets: now and then are to be seen footsteps of the wild boar, which sometimes visits the neighborhood.

The wide and deeply-depressed plain through which the river flows, is generally barren, treeless, and verdureless; and the mountains, or

rather, the cliffs and slopes of the risen uplands, present, for the most part, a wild and cheerless aspect. The verdure—such as it is—may only be sought on and near the lower valley or immediate channel of the Jordan. No one statement can apply to the scenery of its entire course; but the following picture, which refers to nearly the central part of the river's course, some distance below Wady Adjlon, is a good specimen of the kind of scenery which the passage of the river offers. It is also a very fair example of the style in which Lieutenant Lynch works up the passages he wishes to be most effective:—

The character of the whole scene of this dreary waste was singularly wild and impressive. Looking out upon the desert, bright with reverberated light and heat, was like beholding a conflagration from a window at twilight. Each detail of the strange and solemn scene could be examined as through a lens.

The mountains towards the west rose up like islands from the sea, with the billows heaving at their bases. The rough peaks caught the slanting sunlight, while sharp black shadows marked the sides turned from the rays. Deep-rooted in the plain, the bases of the mountains heaved the garment of the earth away, and rose abruptly in naked pyramidal crags, each scar and fissure as palpably distinct as though within reach, and yet we were hours away; the laminations of their strata resembling the leaves of some gigantic volume, wherein is written, by the hand of God, the history of the changes he has wrought.

Toward the south, the ridges and higher masses of the range, as they swept away in the distance, were aerial and faint, and softened into dimness by a pale transparent mist.

The plain that sloped away from the bases of the hills was broken into ridges and multitudinous cone-like mounds, resembling tumultuous water at "the meeting of two adverse tides;" and presented a wild and checkered tract of land, with spots of vegetation flourishing upon the frontiers of irreclaimable sterility.

A low, pale, and yellow ridge of conical hills marked the termination of the higher terrace, beneath which swept gently this lower plain with a similar undulating surface, half-redeemed from barrenness by sparse verdure and thistle-covered hillocks.

Still lower was the valley of the Jordan—the sacred river!—its banks fringed with perpetual verdure; winding in a thousand graceful mazes; the pathway cheered with songs of birds, and its own clear voice of gushing minstrelsy; its course a bright line in this cheerless waste. Yet beautiful as it is, it is only rendered so by contrast with the harsh, calcined earth around.—Pp. 232, 233.

Of the manner in which the rapids were passed, the following passage will afford an adequate notice:—

At 10. 15 A. M., cast off and shot down the first rapid, and stopped to examine more closely a desperate looking cascade of eleven feet. In the middle of the channel was a shoot at an angle of about sixty degrees, with a bold, bluff, threatening rock at its foot, exactly in the passage. It would therefore be necessary to turn almost at a sharp angle in descending, to avoid being dashed in pieces. This

rock was on the outer edge of the whirlpool, which a caldron of foam swept round and round in circling eddies. Yet below were two fierce rapids, each about 150 yards in length, with the points of black rocks peering above the white and agitated surface. Below them, again, within a mile, were two other rapids—longer, but more shelving, and less difficult.

Fortunately a large bush was growing upon the left bank, about five feet up where the rush of the water from above had formed a kind of promontory. By swimming across some distance up the stream, one of the men had carried over the end of a rope, and made it fast around the roots of the bush. The great doubt was whether the hold of the roots would be sufficient to withstand the strain, but there was no alternative. In order not to risk the men, I employed some of the most vigorous Arabs in the camp to swim by the side of the boats, and guide them if possible clear of danger. Landing the men, therefore, and tracking the Fanny Mason up stream, we shot her across; and gathering in the slack of the rope, let her drop to the brink of the cascade, where she fairly trembled and bent in the fierce strength of the sweeping current. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The sailors had now clambered along the banks, and stood at intervals below, ready to assist us if thrown from the boat and swept towards them. One man with me in the boat stood by the line; a number of Arabs were upon the rocks and in the foaming water, gesticulating wildly, their shouts mingling with the roaring of the boisterous rapids, and their dusky forms contrasting strangely with the effervescing flood, and five on each side, in the water, were clinging to the boat, ready to guide her clear of the threatening rock if possible.

The Fanny Mason, in the mean while, swayed from side to side of the mad torrent like a frightened bird, straining the line which held her. Watching the moment when her bows were in the right direction, I gave the signal to let go the rope. There was a rush—a plunge—an upward leap, and the rock was cleared—the pool was passed! and half full of water, with breathless velocity, we were swept safely down the rapids. Such screaming and shouting! The Arabs seemed to exult more than ourselves. It was in seeming only. They were glad—we were grateful. Two of the Arabs lost their hold, and were carried far below us, but were rescued with a slight injury to one of them.—Pp. 189, 190.

The following, which is one of the best descriptions, has reference to an earlier portion of the river's course, about one third from the lake of Tiberias:—

For hours in their swift descent the boats floated down in silence—the silence of the wilderness. Here and there were spots of solemn beauty. The numerous birds sang with a music strange and manifold; the willow branches were spread upon the stream like tresses, and creeping mosses and clamoring weeds, with a multitude of white and silvery little flowers, looked out from among them; and the cliff swallow wheeled over the falls, or went at his own will, darting through the arched vistas, and shadowed and shaped by the meeting foliage on the banks; and above all, yet attuned to all, was the music of the river, gushing with a sound like that of shawms and cymbals. There was little variety in the scenery of the river; to-day the streams

sometimes washed the bases of the sandy hills, at other times meandered between low banks, generally fringed with trees and fragrant with blossoms. Some points presented views exceedingly picturesque—the mad rushing of a mountain torrent, the song and sight of birds, the overhanging foliage and glimpse of the mountains far over the plain, and here and there a gurgling rivulet pouring its tribute of crystal water into the now muddy Jordan; the western shore was peculiar from the high calcareous limestone hills which form a barrier to the stream when swollen by the efflux of the Sea of Galilee during the winter and early spring; while the left and eastern bank was low and fringed with tamarisk and willow, and occasionally a thicket of lofty cane, and tangled masses of shrubs and creeping plants, gave it the appearance of a jungle. At one place we saw the fresh track of a tiger [leopard?] on the low clayey margin, where he had come to drink. At another time, as we passed his lair, a wild boar started with a savage grunt, and dashed into the thicket; but for some moments we tracked his pathway by the shaking cane, and the crashing sound of broken branches.

The birds were numerous; and at times, when we issued from the shadow and silence of a narrow and verdure-tinted part of the stream into an open bend where the rapids rattled and the light burst in, and the birds sang their wilderness song, it was, to use a simile of Mr. Bedlow, like a sudden transition from the cold, dull-lighted hall, where gentlemen hang their hats, into the white and golden saloon, where the music rings and the dance goes on.—Pp. 212, 213.

The passage of the river was accomplished without any real opposition from the neighboring Arabs—all hostile demonstration being apparently held in check by the manifest strength of the party. Some friendly intercourse, indeed, took place at different points. We observe generally that the explorers, with their minds preoccupied with ideas of North American Indians, greatly under-rate the position, character, and knowledge of the Arabs. Indeed, they are plainly called "savages;" but they are not savages, unless the patriarchal fathers of Scripture history were savages, which no one ever thought. This misapprehension of the Arabs is, of course, exhibited in a still more exaggerated form in the narrative of Montague's sailor, whose less cultivated perceptions are still more obtuse. He ventures to say in one place that the Arabs wondered how the boats could walk the waters without legs!

All this that relates to the Jordan is new, valuable, and important. It is the real, great work of the expedition. We absolutely knew next to nothing about the river between the two lakes before, except just below where it leaves the upper lake, and just above where it enters the lower; but here the whole river is set forth before us, and all the mysteries connected with its course are completely solved. For this, the commander is well entitled to the gold medal by the Royal Geographical Society, which we should hope will be awarded to him. In the Dead Sea, the additions to our knowledge are less striking and important. The lake had been viewed at nearly all points by differ-

ent travellers; the comparison of whose statements furnished a sufficiently correct idea of the figure and directions of the lake, and of the peculiar phenomena which it offers. In most respects, therefore, the business here was not to discover anything new, but to verify previous accounts; and, in most respects, all the accounts given by the best of former travellers—especially such as subvert the old traditions of the lake—are abundantly confirmed, and settled beyond all further doubt or question. In fact, the navigation of the lake in boats is not a new thing—it having been previously done by an Irishman, Costigan, and more recently by an Englishman, Lieut. Molyneux, of H. M. S. Spartan. Indeed, the latter officer had also performed the same passage down the Jordan; and had he lived to impart to the public the fruit of his observations, the interest of the present expedition would have been forestalled, and its facts anticipated at all points. It is to the credit of Lieut. Lynch that he manifests a full consciousness of the claims of his predecessors. He even gives the name of Point Costigan to one of the points of the peninsula, towards the south of the Dead Sea, and of Point Molyneux to the other; and it is certainly not the least of our obligations to these officers, that their prior claims, in all probability, prevented these spots from being ornamented with the names of Fanny Mason and Fanny Skinner, if not of Uncle Sam. It is bad enough as it is, to see an ancient and a sacred soil thus desecrated with any modern and Frankish names. Dr. Robinson would have ascertained the native names of those places; and our explorers might, if they had chosen, have done the same, by the aid of so accomplished and excellent an interpreter as Mr. Ameuny. We hope this sort of folly will end here. It is quite enough that the geographical nomenclature of half the world is ruined by this frightful bad taste, without the sacred land itself being exposed to the same deep abasement.

The expedition spent no less than twenty-two nights upon the lake. During this time the whole circuit of it was made, including the back-water at the southern extremity, which had never before been explored in boats. Every object of interest upon the banks was examined; and the lake was crossed and recrossed in a zigzag direction through its whole extent, for the purpose of sounding. The figure of the lake, as laid down in the sketch-map, is somewhat different from that usually given to it. The breadth is more uniform throughout; it is less narrowed at the northern extremity, and less widened on approaching the peninsula in the south. In its general dimensions it is longer, but is not so wide as usually represented. Its length by the map is forty miles, by an average breadth of about nine miles. The observations and facts, from day to day, are recorded in Lieut. Lynch's book; and it is by reading them that the reader must realize the impressions which the survey is designed to produce, for the author does not take the trouble to combine his results in one clear and connected statement; indeed, the want of these

occasional generalizations of details, which the reader of such a work is entitled to expect, and which, it might be thought, might have been easily given as a general retrospect of the whole, is the great defect of the book. Dr. Robinson, in his really great work on Palestine, after giving the details of his explorations, pauses on every vantage-ground to survey the scene, and to state the general effect and character of the whole. But nothing of the kind is attempted by our author, who seems to have been either ignorant of this necessity, or to have lacked the skill to supply it. The sea-custom of keeping an account of minute particulars and observations from day to day in the log-book, tends to create a habit of correctly observing and registering small details, but is perhaps unfavorable to the formation or cultivation of the faculty of generalization. On the other hand, there are men who can only

See things in the gross,
Being much too gross to see them in detail.

One of this sort is Montague's sailor, who, being incapable of following the observations of his commander, and being, as it seems, only partially acquainted with other than the most obvious results, states general impressions rather than particulars; and we are not sure but that in this way he renders to the common reader the general effect of the whole much more effectively than his commander, whose account alone is, however, here of any scientific value. It has seemed to us, indeed, that this part of Montague's book is better done than any other. He here makes a most distinct impression, and, but for the egregious blunders into which he falls whenever stating what men know from *reading*, we might suppose that in this portion of the work he had access to better information than in other parts. This writer does not lack power of observation; and his errors are mostly in those allusions to "things in general," in which only a man possessed of assured knowledge from reading and study, can be always correct. We are not sure that the blunders made in allusions of this sort—which are as plenty as blackberries—and the disgust one feels at the vile slang which turns up every now and then, tends to create an under-estimate of the truthfulness of many observations on matters that fall within the fair scope of an intelligent seaman's knowledge.

The only passage in which Lieutenant Lynch attempts to furnish us with something like the result of his exploration is this:—

We have carefully sounded the sea, determined its geographical position, taken the exact topography of its shores, ascertained the temperature, width, depth, and velocity of its tributaries, collected specimens of every kind, and noted the winds, currents, changes of the weather, and all atmospheric phenomena. These, with a faithful narrative of events, will give a correct idea of this wonderful body of water as it appeared to us.

From the summit of these cliffs, in a line a little north of west, about sixteen miles distant, is Hebron, a short distance from which Dr. Robinson found

the dividing ridge between the Mediterranean and this sea. From Beni Na'im, the reputed tomb of Lot, upon that ridge, it is supposed that Abraham looked "toward all the land of the plain," and beheld the smoke "as the smoke of a furnace." The inference from the Bible, that this entire chasm was a plain sunk and "overwhelmed" by the wrath of God, seems to be sustained by the extraordinary character of our soundings. The bottom of this sea consists of two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one; the last averaging thirteen, the former about *thirteen hundred* feet below the surface. Through the northern, and largest and deepest one, in a line corresponding with the bed of the Jordan, is a ravine, which again seems to correspond with the Wady el-Jeib, or ravine within a ravine, at the south end of the sea.

Between the Jabok and this sea, we unexpectedly found a sudden break-down in the bed of the Jordan. If there be a similar break in the water-courses to the south of the sea, accompanied with like volcanic characters, there can scarce be a doubt that the whole Ghor has sunk from some extraordinary convulsion, preceded, most probably, by an eruption of fire, and a general conflagration of the bitumen which abounded in the plain. I shall ever regret that we were not authorized to explore the southern Ghor to the Red Sea.

All our observations have impressed me forcibly with the conviction that the mountains are older than the sea. Had their relative levels been the same at first, the torrents would have worn their beds in a gradual and correlative slope; whereas, in the northern section, the part supposed to have been so deeply engulfed, although a soft, bituminous, limestone prevails, the torrents plunge down several hundred feet, while on both sides of the southern portion the ravines come down without abruptness, although the head of Wady Kerak is more than a thousand feet higher than the head of Wady Ghuweir. Most of the ravines, too—as reference to the map will show—have a southward inclination near their outlets; that of Zerka Main or Callirohoe especially, which, next to the Jordan, must pour down the greatest volume of water in the rainy season. But even if they had not that deflection, the argument which has been based on this supposition would be untenable; for tributaries, like all other streams, seek the greatest declivities, without regard to angular inclination. The Yermak flows into the Jordan at a right angle, and the Jabok with an acute one to its descending course.

There are many other things tending to the same conclusion; among them the isolation of the mountain of Usdum; its difference of contour and of range, and its consisting entirely of a volcanic product.

But it is for the learned to comment on the facts we have laboriously collected. Upon ourselves the result is a decided one. We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was sceptical, and another, I believe, a professed unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days' close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain. I record with diffidence the conclusions we have reached, simply as a protest against the shallow deductions of would-be-unbelievers.—Pp. 378-380.

As we have chosen a way of our own in which to state some of the other results of this explora-

tion, we must hasten to complete the historical notice of its incidents, by stating, that before quitting the shores of the Dead Sea, the party made an excursion to Kerak, with the view principally of affording the men an intermediate refreshment from the close atmosphere of the lake. Here there are about 1000 Christians kept in most oppressive subjection by about one third of the number of Moslem Arabs, who live mostly in tents outside the town. They have commenced building a church in the hope of keeping all together, and as a safe place of refuge for their wives and children in times of trouble; but the locusts and the sirocco have for the last seven years blasted the fields, and nearly all spared by these distractions has been swept away by the Arabs. They furnished the party with the subjoined appeal to the Christians in America, and which deserves to be known in this country.

By God's favor!

May it, God willing, reach America, and be presented to our Christian brothers, whose happiness may the Almighty God preserve! Amen.

8642.

BEDUAH.

We are in Kerak, a few very poor Christians, and are building a church.

We beg your excellency to help us in this undertaking, for we are very weak.

The land has been unproductive, and visited by the locust for the last seven years.

The church is delayed in not being accomplished for want of funds, for we are a few Christians surrounded by Muslims.

This being all that is necessary to write to you, Christian brothers of America, we need say no more.

The trustees in your bounty.

ABD' ALLAH EN NAHAS, Sheikh.

YÂKÔB EN NAHAS, Sheikh's brother.

Kerak, Jâmad Awâh, 1264.

These poor people behaved very well, as they always do, to our travellers; but from the Arabs of Kerak they were, on their return, threatened with much danger—with greater danger, indeed, than had previously been known. But this and all dangers passed, and the survey of the lake being soon after completed, the boats, no longer needed, were taken to pieces, and sent, with two camels' loads of specimens, to Jerusalem, whither the party itself followed by the route of Santa Saba. After some stay there they crossed the country to Jaffa. Nor was this without object or labor, a line of levels having to be carried, with the spirit level of the most recent and improved construction, (Troughton's,) from the chasm of the Dead Sea, through the desert of Jordan, "over precipices and mountain ridges, and down and across yawning ravines, and for much of the time under a scorching sun." The merit of this operation is assigned to Lieutenant Dale. The results are not stated, but are said to be confirmatory of the skill and extraordinary accuracy of the triangulation of Lieutenant Symonds.

At Acre the party divided, one portion proceeding in a Turkish brig to Beirut, and the other re-

turning across the country to Tiberias, by way of Nazareth. The object being from hence to follow the Upper Jordan to its source, our interest in the special objects of the expedition is revived. This part of the business is, however, passed but lightly over, there being no very new or very adventurous work to execute, and, as it seems to us, the officers being but ill-informed as to the points which in this part specially demanded attention.

In his way up the shore of the lake of Galilee, Lieutenant Lynch very modestly expresses an opinion in favor of Tell Hum as the probable site of Capernaum, in preference to Dr. Robinson's Khan Minryeh; and his return to the old ways we hail as a proof of his sound judgment. In respect of Bethsaida he is less fortunate, confounding the north-east Bethsaida with the western Bethsaida, as the city of Andrew and Peter. But mistakes of this sort swarm throughout the work. The chances being only a degree or two less in this work than in Montague's that we encounter a blunder in connection with every proper name that turns up.* Between the two lakes the river hastens—a rapid and foaming stream, between a thick border of willows, oleanders, and ghurrah. Of the lake Huleh nothing is added to our previous information, indeed, scarcely anything is said; and we are quite distressed to say that the commander does not seem to have been at all aware that it was an object of interest to ascertain whether the river from Hasbeiya, which, as the remoter source, must be regarded as the true Jordan, unites with the river from Baniyas before it enters the lake Huleh, or else reaches it as a separate and parallel stream. Not a word is said on this point, and there is no map or plan that might indicate the view taken of the matter.

The sources of the Jordan have been so often visited, and are so well known, that we could hardly expect much that is new on the subject. We certainly do not find anything that was not previously well known. Upon the whole, this exploration of the Upper Jordan is a failure altogether. But this is excusable from the unbent attention of men whose energies had of late been greatly overtasked, and who regarded the great objects of their undertaking as already accomplished.

The party proceeded to Damascus, and returned by way of Baalbek to Beirut. It was with dis-

may that it was found the Supply had not, according to appointment, arrived there to receive them—the rather as Mr. Dale and some of the men became sick, and needed medical assistance. In a few days, however, they all recovered except that able officer, who, after lingering a few weeks, died of the same low nervous fever which had carried off Costigan and Molyneux—the former explorers of the Dead Sea. He died at a village twelve miles up the Lebanon, to which he had withdrawn, in the hope of being invigorated by the mountain air. The afflicted commander, determined to take the body home, if possible, immediately started with it to Beirut. "It was a slow, dreary ride, down the rugged mountain by twilight. As I followed the body of my late companion, accompanied only by worthy Arabs, and thought of his young and helpless children, I could scarce repress the wish that I had been taken and he been spared." The body was, however, not taken home, but was deposited, "amid unhidden tears and stifled sobs," in the Frank cemetery at Beirut.

There is much reason to apprehend that the report of the results of this expedition has suffered much from the loss of this accomplished officer. We see from a paper by Dr. Robinson in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, for November, 1848, that he anticipated this would be the case. He states—

Lieutenant Dale had reached the age of thirty-five; he was a man of fine appearance and elegant manners, and was selected by Lieutenant Lynch to be his companion because of his experience in the exploring expedition under Captain Wilkes, and as an engineer, first in connection with the coast survey, and afterwards in Florida. His loss will doubtless be greatly felt in making up the report of the expedition, the end of which he was permitted to behold, but not to participate its fruits, nor to enjoy its rewards.

We grieve to add, from the preface of the volume before us—"His wife has since followed him to the grave; but in his name he has left a rich inheritance to his children." These are sad words, when we recollect the shortness of the interval between the return of the expedition and the appearance of this statement.

About a week after, being a full month after the return to Beirut, the party embarked on board a French brig for Malta, being tired of waiting longer for the Supply. At Malta they were joined by that vessel on the 12th September, and reëmbarking in her, sped homeward, reaching New York early in December, after an absence of something above one year.

Having thus traced the course of the expedition, we must return to offer the reader some remarks upon the Dead Sea, in connection with those researches concerning it which this American expedition may be regarded as having consummated.

The name of "Dead Sea" is not known in Scripture, in which it is mentioned by the various names of the East Sea, the Sea of Sodom, the Sea of the Desert, and the Salt Sea. In Jose-

* We note a few specimens. It is "Collingwood," and not Jervis, who is described as breaking the enemy's line at Cape St. Vincent. The prophet "Isaiah," and not Elijah, as resting under the juniper-tree in the wilderness. Ireland is throughout "Reyland." "The Arab has no name for wine, the original Arabic word for which is now applied to coffee!" The truth being, that one of many Arabic words for wine is so applied. "J. Robinson, D. D., of New York," for E. Robinson, D. D. "The Chinese Kotan" for "Kotou." "Almeidan" for "Atmeidan." "We saw the river Cayster (*modern Meander*!)" "Acre derived its name from the church of St. Jean d'Acre." "Saul and his three sons threw themselves upon their swords." "Near the palace [of Beschiktasche on the Bosphorus] stood the column of Simeon and Daniel Stylites, two saintly fools, who spent most of their lives upon its summit." Simeon was never near the Bosphorus. But enough of this.

phus and the classical writers, it is known by the name of the Lake of Asphaltites, from the great quantities of bitumen it produced. Its current name doubtless originated in the belief that no living thing could subsist in its waters. In the incidental allusions to it in the Old Testament—for it is not named in the New—there is nothing to suggest a foundation for the statements which have since been disproved; and all recent research confirms the scriptural intimations. We no sooner, however, get out of the Bible into the Apocrypha, than we are in the region of exaggeration and tradition. The author of the Wisdom of Solomon, speaking of the cities of the plain, says—"Of whose wickedness even to this day the waste land that smoketh is a testimony, and plants bearing fruits that never come to ripeness; and a standing pillar of salt is a monument of an unbelieving soul."—x. 7. Here are three points—smoke rising from the lake; plants whose fruits will not ripen in this atmosphere; and the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned.

Now it must be confessed that this smoke was a very suitable incident for the imagination to rest upon. It was in keeping. It agreed with the doom in which at least the southern gulf of the lake originated, and suggested that the fires then kindled, and by which the guilty cities were consumed, still smouldered in the depths or upon the shores of the Asphaltic Lake. This smoke, however, turns out to be no other than the dense mist from the active evaporation going on upon the surface, which often overhangs the lake in the morning, and is only dissipated as the sun waxes hot. This is frequently mentioned by our expeditionists. It is seen not exclusively in the morning:—

At one time to-day the sea assumed an aspect peculiarly sombre. Unstirred by the wind, it lay smooth and unruffled as an inland lake. The great evaporation enclosed it in a thin transparent vapor, its purple tinge contrasting strongly with the extraordinary color of the sea beneath, and where they blended in the distance, giving it the appearance of smoke from burning sulphur. It seemed a vast caldron of metal, fused but motionless.—P. 324.

The idea of fire, which is connected with that of smoke, may in part also have originated in the intensely phosphorescent character of these heavy waters by night. We are not certain that this has been noticed by any other than the present travellers.

The surface of the sea (says Lieutenant Lynch) was one wide sheet of phosphorescent foam, and the waves, as they broke upon the shore, threw a sepulchral light upon the dead bushes and scattered fragments of rock.

Then there are the fruits which will not ripen. It is evident that there are many plants to which the saline exhalations and intense heat of the deep basin of the Dead Sea must be uncongenial, and which will therefore scarcely bring forth fruit to

perfection; but there are others with which these conditions agree well, and which will there yield their fruits. There is not much evidence on this subject to be found in travellers, who have seldom been there in the season of fruit. But our expeditionists found divers kinds of plants and shrubs in vigorous blossom, and which might therefore be expected to yield their fruits in due season. However, the general character of the shores is dismal, from the general absence of vegetation except at particular spots; and it must be admitted that the exhalations and saline deposits are as unfriendly to vegetable life as the waters are to animal existence.

We suspect, however, that the writer of Wisdom, had in view those same famous apples of Sodom, of which Josephus speaks as of a peculiar product of the shores of this lake. "These fruits," says Josephus, "have a color as if they were fit to be eaten; but if you pluck them with your hands, they dissolve into smoke and ashes." So Tacitus: "The herbage may spring up, and the trees may put forth their blossoms, they may even attain the usual appearance of maturity, but with this florid outside, all within turns black, and moulders into dust." This plant has of course been much sought after by travellers. Hasselquist and others thought it the fruit of the *Solanum melongena*, or egg-plant, which is abundant in this quarter, but which only exhibits the required characteristics when attacked by insects. But since Seetzen and Irby and Mangles, there has been no question that the renowned "Apple of Sodom" is no other than the *Osher* of the Arabs, the *Asclepias procera* of the early writers, but now forming part of the genus *Callotropis*. Dr. Robinson gives a good account of it; and our expeditionists add nothing to the information already possessed concerning it. The plant is a perennial, specimens of which have been found from ten to fifteen feet high, and seven or eight feet in girth. It is a gray, cork-like bark, with long oval leaves. The fruit resembles a large smooth apple or orange, and when ripe is of a yellow color. It is even fair to the eye, and soft to the touch, but when pressed, it explodes with a puff, leaving in the hand only the shreds of the rind and a few fibres. It is indeed chiefly filled with air like a bladder, which gives it the round form, while in the centre is a pod containing a quantity of fine silk with seeds. When green, the fruit, like the leaves and the bark, affords, when cut or broken, a viscous, white milky fluid, called by the Arabs *Osher-milk*, (*Leben-osher*), and regarded by them as a cure for barrenness. This plant, however, which from being in Palestine found only on the shores of the Dead Sea, was locally regarded as being the special and characteristic product of that lake, is produced also in Nubia, Arabia, and Persia; which at once breaks up this one of the mysteries of the Dead Sea. It is no doubt found on those shores from the climate being here warmer, and therefore more congenial to it than in any other part of Palestine.

As to the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned, the existence of which has been recorded by many traditions, and of which so many travellers have heard vague reports from the natives; it is one of the most remarkable discoveries of our Expedition, that a pillar of salt does exist, which is, without doubt, that to which the native reports refer, and which, or one like which, may have formed the basis of the old traditions. That this pillar, or any like it, is or was that into which Lot's wife was turned, is another question, which it is not needful here to discuss. The word rendered "a pillar," denotes generally any fixed object; and that rendered "salt," denotes also bitumen; and the plain significancy of the text would therefore seem to be, that she was slain by the fire and smoke, and sulphureous vapor; and her body being pervaded and enveloped by the bituminous and saline particles, lay there a stiffened and shapeless mass. The text appears to mean no more; but whether this mass may not have formed the nucleus of a mound, or even of a pillar of the same substance, forming as it were the unhonored grave of this unbelieving woman, is a question we are not called upon to consider. If the text required us to understand literally "a pillar of salt," we should know that it existed, and should think it likely that it exists still, and the question would be whether this, which our travellers have found, is that pillar or not. We should probably think *not*; for although its place is in what must have been the general locality of this visitation, yet if Zoar, to which the fugitives were escaping, has been correctly identified (as we doubt not) in Zuweirah, it is difficult to find *this* place for the pillar, upon the route thereto, from any spot which Sodom can be supposed to have occupied. Besides this pillar is upon a hill, whereas the visitation evidently befell Lot's wife in the plain. The following is the account of it which Lieut. Lynch gives:—

To our astonishment, we saw, on the eastern side of Usdum, one third the distance from its north extreme, a lofty, round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. We immediately pulled in for the shore, and Dr. Anderson and I went up and examined it. The beach was a soft, slimy mud, encrusted with salt, and a short distance from the water, covered with saline fragments, and flakes of bitumen. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallization. A prop or buttress connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with debris of a light stone color. Its peculiar shape is attributable to the action of the winter rains. The Arabs had told us, in vague terms, that there was to be found a pillar somewhere upon the shores of the sea, but their statements in all other respects had proved so unsatisfactory, that we could place no reliance on them.

Not a word is here said respecting the connection of this pillar with Lot's wife; but in a note it is pointed out that "a similar pillar is mentioned by Josephus, who expresses his belief of its being the identical one into which Lot's wife had been transformed." This is cautious and judicious. Montague's sailor, however, to whom this sort of thing was specially suited, speaks with less reserve; and we remember that this portion of his book had a run through the press in the United States, having been communicated by the publishers before the work appeared. It was well chosen for the purpose of exciting the curiosity of the public for the disclosures the book was to contain. After a somewhat bald description of the pillar, the writer proceeds, and informs us that it was sixty feet high and forty feet in circumference. He then goes on:—

We cannot suppose that Lot's wife was a person so large that her dimensions equalled that of the column. Many think that the statue of Lot's wife was equal to the pillar of salt which the Bible speaks of, let that pillar be whatever it may, and whatever its size. They will not probably credit that this is the pillar; their preconceived notions have much to do with the matter; and they would have everybody—Americans and Syrians alike—think she was at once transformed into a column of very fine grained, beautifully *white* salt, about five feet or a few inches in height, and in circumference that of a middle-aged woman of the nineteenth century. Be that as it may, no two minds have, perhaps, formed exactly the same opinion on this matter who have not visited the spot. But here we are, around this immense column, and we find that it is really of solid rock-salt, one mass of crystallization. It is in the vicinity which is pointed out in the Bible in relation to the matter in question, and it appears to be the only one of its kind here; and the Arabs of the district, to [by] whom this pillar is pointed out as being that of Lot's wife, [must believe this to be] the identical pillar of salt to which the Bible has reference; the tradition having been handed down from each succeeding generation to their children, as the Americans will hand down to succeeding generations the tradition of Bunker's Hill Monument in Boston. My own opinion on the matter is, that Lot's wife having lingered behind, in disobedience to God's express command, given in order to ensure her safety; that, while so lingering, she became overwhelmed in the descending fluid, and formed the model or foundation for this extraordinary column. If it be produced by common, by natural causes, it is but right to suppose that others might be found of a similar description. One is scarcely able to abandon the idea that it stands here as a lasting memorial of God's punishing a most deliberate act of disobedience, committed at a time when he was about to show distinguishing regard for the very person.—Pp. 201 202.

We were almost prepared to expect that this writer would shine among those who profess to have seen below the waters the ruins of the submerged cities. Even he, however, does not go to this extent; but, instead, he treats us with a very elaborate picture of the great scene of their destruction, all the outlines of which are amusingly

filled up with details which could only be true of New York, or of some other great cities invested with all the circumstances of modern art and civilization.

Among the other traditions of the lake are those which speak of the peculiar density and saline qualities of the waters; that, from the buoyancy imparted to them by this density, bodies could not sink in them; that, from the ingredients they hold in solution, no animal life could exist in these waters; and that, from the pestiferous effluvia, no birds are found near the lake, and that such as attempt to fly across fall dead upon the surface.

As to the density of the waters, it is said by Josephus that Vespasian tried the experiment of tying the hands of some criminals behind their backs, and throwing them into the lake, when they floated like corks upon the surface. This was, it must be admitted, not a very sagacious experiment, the position of the hands behind the back, whereby the dangerous weight of the arms is supported by the water, being the most favorable for floating safely in any waters. This, therefore, could not prove that bodies would not sink; yet being thought to prove that, or to have been intended to prove it, Dr. Pococke's assurance that he not only swam but *dived* in the water, was thought to show either that the experiment had not been correctly stated, or that the water had, in the course of ages, become more diluted than at the time the experiment was made. This, indeed, is one of the points in which tradition has not erred. From the impregnation of saline and bituminous matters, this water is greatly heavier than that of the ocean. This has been shown by many travellers for a hundred and fifty years past, and scarcely needs the confirmation which our explorers afford. Their long stay on the lake enabled them, however, to put together a greater number of *practical* illustrations of the fact. We will put a few of them together from both books. Some of the particulars almost suggest the idea of a sea of molten metal, still fluid, though cold. The sailor, who took his share in rowing, is most sensible of one of the effects which his commander less notices—the unusual resistance of the waves to the progress of the boat, and the force of their concussion against it. There was a storm of wind when the lake was first entered; and, says this writer, “the waves, dashing with fury against the boat, reminded its bold navigators of the sound and force of some immense sledge-hammers, when wielded by a Herculean power.” Again, he dwells on “the extraordinary buoyancy of the waters, from the fact of our boats floating considerably higher than on the Jordan, with the same weight in them; and the greater weightiness of the water, from the terrible blows which the opposing waves dealt upon the advancing prows of the boat.” There was another circumstance resulting from this density, noticed by the commander, that when the sea rolled, the boats took in much water from the crests of the wave circling over the sides. Before quitting the lake, Lieutenant Lynch

Tried the relative density of the water of this sea and of the Atlantic; the latter from 25 deg. N. latitude and 52 deg. W. longitude; distilled water being as 1. The water of the Atlantic was 1.02, and of this sea 1.13. The last dissolved $\frac{1}{11}$; the water of the Atlantic $\frac{1}{6}$; and distilled water $\frac{1}{17}$ of its weight of salt; the salt used was a little damp. On leaving the Jordan, we carefully noted the draught of the boats. With the same loads they drew one inch less water when afloat upon this sea than in the river.—P. 377.

Of the experiments in bathing, little is added to those erewhile so graphically recorded by Mr. Stephens in his *Incidents of Travels*. We suspect, indeed, that Mr. Montague has drawn somewhat upon the pages of that lively traveller. Stephens says, “It was ludicrous to see one of the horses. As soon as his body touched the water he was afloat, and turned over on his side; he struggled with all his force to preserve his equilibrium, but the moment he stopped moving he turned over on his side, and almost on his back, kicking his feet out of water, and snorting with terror.” This is closely imitated by Montague, who writes, “An experiment with an ass and a horse was also made. They were separately led into the sea, and when the water came in contact with the body of the animals, it was found heavier than the body itself, and consequently supported it upon the surface. The legs of the animals being rendered useless, were brought upon the surface, and they were thrown upon their side, plunging and snorting, puzzled by their novel position.”—P. 219. Now, Lieut. Lynch, in reporting the same experiment, expressly says, that the animals were *not* turned on their sides; and he is at a loss to account for Stephens' statement, but by supposing that the animal was in *that* case unusually weak. He admits, indeed, “that the animals turned a little on one side,” but adds, that “they did not lose their balance.” A similar experiment was made at another time with a horse, which “could with difficulty keep itself upright.” In bathing himself, the commander says, “With great difficulty I kept my feet down; and when I laid [lay] upon my back, and drawing up my knees placed my hands upon them, I rolled immediately over.” We fancy that we should have “rolled over” in any water, or even on land, in making that experiment. But, however, the buoyancy of this water is unquestionable; and it is clear that both man and beast may not only roll over, but roll over with impunity upon it. So in Mantague's book we read—

Most of the men have bathed in its waters, and found them remarkably buoyant, so that they float with perfect ease upon it, and could pick a chicken, or read a newspaper at pleasure while so floating; in fact, it was difficult to get below the surface.

These, certainly, are rather luxurious ideas for the Dead Sea—floating at ease, without fear of drowning, upon a soft water-bed, picking a chicken and reading a newspaper. Nevertheless, this like other luxuries has its penalties—for afterwards

we read, "After being in it some few hours it takes off all the skin, and gives one the 'miserables;' on washing in it, it spreads over the body a disagreeable oily substance, with a prickly smarting sensation." Again—"Another peculiarity was, that when the men's hands became wet with it in rowing, it produced a continual lather, and even the skin is oily and stiff, having a prickly sensation all over it." Hence they washed with delight, when opportunities offered, in the fresh-water streams that came down to the sea.—P. 181.

We had quite a task to wash from our skin all the uncomfortable substances which had clung to us from the Dead Sea, for our clothes and skin had become positively saturated with the salt water.—P. 189.

But although thus unpleasant, acrid, and greasy, we are assured by Captain Lynch that the water is perfectly inodorous. And he ascribes the noxious smells which pervade the shores, not, as Molyneux supposed, to the lake itself, but to the fetid springs and marshes along the shore, increased, perhaps, by exhalations from the stagnant pools upon the flat plain, which bounds the lake to the north. Elsewhere, he contends, that the saline and inodorous exhalations from the lake itself must be rather wholesome than otherwise; and as there is but little verdure upon the shores, there can be no vegetable exhalations to render the air impure. The evil is in the dangerous and depressing influence from the intense heat, and from the acrid and clammy quality of the waters producing a most irritated state of the skin, and eventually febrile symptoms and great prostration of strength. Under these influences, in a fortnight, although the health of the men seemed substantially sound,

The figure of each had assumed a dropsical appearance. The lean had become stout, and the stout almost corpulent; the pale faces had become florid, and those that were florid, ruddy; moreover, the slightest scratch festered, and the bodies of many of us were covered with small pustules. The men complained bitterly of the irritation of their sores, whenever the acrid water of the sea touched them. Still, all had good appetites, and I hoped for the best.—*Lynch*, p. 336.

Remarkable effects are afforded by the saline deposits upon the shores. On the peninsula, towards the south end,

There are few bushes, their stems partly buried in the water, and their leafless branches incrustated with salt, which sparkled as trees do at home when the sun shines upon them after a heavy sleet.—*Lynch*, p. 298.

Overhauled the copper boat, which wore away rapidly in this living sea. Such was the action of the fluid upon the metal, that the latter, so long as it was exposed to its immediate friction, was as bright as burnished gold, but when it came in contact with the air, it corroded immediately.—*Lynch*, p. 344.

The shores of the beach before me, as I write, are encrusted with salt, and looked exactly as if white-washed.—*Lynch*, p. 344.

The sands are not so bright as those of the Med-

iterranean and Atlantic Oceans, but of a darkish brown color, and have the same taste as the sea-water, although it seldom distributes its waves over them.—*Montague*, p. 186.

We noticed, after landing at Usdum, that, in the space of an hour, our very foot-prints upon the beach were coated with crystallization.—*Montague*, p. 207.

A book of a large octavo size, being dipped in the water, either by accident or otherwise, resisted every attempt made to dry it. I have subsequently seen it in the oven of the ship's galley on several occasions, but without any permanent effect.—*Montague*, p. 224.

Now, as to the non-existence of living things in the water. This tradition, and that respecting the buoyancy of the water, seem to be those alone that are fully true. That creatures from the fresh-water streams that pour into the lake should die in water so essentially different—so salt, so dense, so bitter—was to be expected; but that this condition of the water should be fatal to all animal existence—that it harbored no peculiar forms of life—seemed to require strong proof; and this has, we think, been now sufficiently afforded. This had been stated by other travellers; and being now confirmed by those who were three weeks upon the lake, may be treated as an established fact. No trace of piscatory or lower forms of aquatic life was in all that time seen in these waters. Some of the streams that run into the lake are salt.

In the salt-water streams there are plenty of fish, which, when they are unfortunately carried into the Dead Sea by the stream, or caught in their own element by the experimentalist, and thrown into it, at once expire and float. The same experiment was made and repeated at the mouth of the Jordan, with ourselves, of fish which we caught there, and cast into the sea; and nature, alike in both instances, immediately refused her life-supporting influence.—*Montague*, p. 223.

The commander himself cites a still more extraordinary fact. In a note at p. 377, he says—

Since our return, some of the water of the Dead Sea has been subjected to a powerful microscope, and no animalcule or vestige of animal matter could be detected.

This experiment, and proper care to secure some of the water of the lake, reminds us of a curious passage in our favorite old French traveller, Nau, who seems to regard this interest in the lake as a characteristic of Protestantism:—

Before I finish this chapter, I must not omit to mention one thing that surprised me much in my two journeys. In both there were in the company some heretic merchants, who all manifested a marked devotion for this Sea of Sodom, testifying an extraordinary gladness in beholding it, and filling a large number of bottles with its water, to carry home with them, as if it had been some precious relic. I am not well able to understand the reasons of their devotion, or why they burdened themselves with so much of this water, which is of wrath and vengeance, rather than with that of the Jordan, which is a water of mercy and salvation.

In fact, these men declared that there was nothing in all the Holy Land which they had seen with so much gratification.—*Voyage Nouveau*, p. 384.

The scarcity of vegetation upon the bushes would account for the comparative absence of land birds from the lake; and the absence of fishes and other aquatic creatures from the waters would sufficiently explain the absence of aquatic fowl. There is no doubt, for these causes, some scarcity of birds here as compared with other lakes. But the notion that the effluvia of the waters were fatal to birds that attempted to pass, has been disproved during the present century by a great accumulation of evidence, which our explorers have been enabled largely to confirm. In fact, though we have long ceased to have any doubts on this point, we feel somewhat surprised at the number and variety of birds that are mentioned as found upon the borders of the lake, as flying over it, or as skimming its surface. It is scarcely worth while to multiply instances of what almost every recent traveller has noticed. One instance is sufficient and conclusive, which is, that wild bucks were more than once seen floating at their ease on the surface of the lake. The tradition, now to be treated as obsolete, probably originated in the bodies of dead birds being found on the shore or upon the water. Such were, indeed, three times picked up by our travellers; but Lieut. Lynch feels assured that they had perished from exhaustion, and not from any malaria of the sea. Montague thinks they had rather been shot in their flight, and adds the interesting fact, that they were in a good state of preservation, though they appeared to have been for some time in the water. The water, he adds, seems to have the quality of preserving whatever is cast into it. Specimens of wood found there were in an excellent state of preservation.

We now quit with reluctance a subject in which we feel very much interest. Lieut. Lynch's book must be pronounced of great value, not only for the additions which it makes to our knowledge, but as the authentic record of an enterprise in the highest degree honorable to all the parties concerned. Our only regret is, that the author's avowed anxiety to occupy the book-market has prevented him from digesting his materials so carefully as the importance of the subject demanded, and has left inexcusable marks of haste, which should in any future edition be removed. Mr. Bentley is not, in this matter, altogether free from blame; for there are numerous persons in this country whose services would have removed most of the grosser errors by which the work is disfigured. As for the other book, what we have already said, we say once more:—It is a bushel of chaff, from which those who think it worth their while, and who have sufficient patience and skill, may contrive to extract a few grains of wheat.

SONNET.

COME, difficulty—hindrance to desert,
Bugbear to fear, to dulness final stop—

Contend with me! My heart shall never drop
From its resolves, nor rest, for thee, inert,
Though in thy strength e'en treble strong thou wert;
I'll use thy opposition as a prop
To help me onward to that field whose crop
Is golden fame. Arouse thee then! Alert!
My breast is bent against thee. Come! the charge!
Oh the fine tourney, when the soul of man
Doth tilt 'gainst human weakness! When at large
The spirits fly and soar past mortal scan!
What can discomfort him upon whose targe
This war-word's written, What I *will* I *can*!
Examiner.

From the Boston Courier.

NO MORE.

No more—it is a harp's low tone
Whispering of light and pleasure gone;—
No more—it is a broken lute;
A fading flower, with blighted root.

No more—it is a murmuring rill,
Whose waves will soon be hushed—be still—
But while they run, keep chanting low
The hymn of all things here below.

No more—it is a severed chord;
The breaking of a plighted word;
An echo of the pulse's beat,
Ere quiet are its hastening feet.

No more—it is a shadow fled;
A haunting thought of loved and dead;
A cloud that hovers over earth;
A discord in each song of mirth.

No more—it is a passing bell,
Of youth, and love, and life, the knell;
A cypress wreath;—a pall;—a bier;
The end of human hope and fear.

[MAJOR GORDON'S PRUSSIAD.]

MAJOR ALEXANDER GORDON, a volunteer in the Prussian service, wrote an heroic poem called the *Prussiad*, which he presented to the King of Prussia, at the camp of Madlitz, near Fursenwalde, Sept. 7, 1759, and then published at London, with the letter from that king prefixed, thus translated by the poet himself.

To Major Alexander Gordon.

Sir—I have read your poem with satisfaction: and thank you for the many genteel compliments you have paid me in it. Towards the expense of having it printed, I have ordered my secretary to pay you two hundred crowns, which I desire you will accept of, not as a reward of your merit, but as a mark of my benevolence.

FREDERICK.

It is a neat poem, as the following passage may show.

Upon the precipice of danger, see
The king in person, while his blazing sword
Hangs o'er the verge of death, and rules the fight.
Beneath him, in the dark abyss, appear
Carnage, besmeared with gore, and red-faced Rout;
Pursuit upon the back of panting Flight
Hacks terrible, and gashes him with wounds.

A VERY WOMAN.

BY S. M., THE AUTHOR OF THE MAIDEN AUNT.

"FERTILE in expedients!" said Clara Capel to herself, as she stood alone at the breakfast-table with a spoon filled with tea-leaves carefully poised in her hand on its way from the caddy to the teapot. The life of Sully lay open on the table beside her, and was the immediate cause of her soliloquy. "Fertile in expedients!" thought she, "it is always the same. All great men are so, whether statesmen, or generals, or authors. They don't make a handsome, tidy, comfortable theory in their own minds, and then throw away everything they meet with because it does not exactly suit the place they have got ready for it; but they take the world as they find it, and having got their materials they improve here and correct there, they invent this and beautify that and combine all, till at last they have built up a great edifice to the glory of God; and the irregularity and variety, the dreamy lights and doubtful shadows, are, in fact, the beauty of it." (Clara was pleased with her illustration, and so paused to polish it a little ere she proceeded.) "To give up laboring because the persons, or the systems, by whom and under which you have to labor, are not ideally perfect, is very much as if an artist were to give up painting because his oil-colors did n't smell of otto of roses, and were apt to soil his fingers. 'Make the best of it!'—that is the motto of all practical greatness—and what a *best* it is sometimes! How infinitely and wonderfully the result transcends the means! Well, and the same sort of mind which, when the proportions are large, is fit to rule the world must be necessary, though with small proportions, for the guidance of a family, or a course of every-day duties. Of that I am quite sure. And this is a woman's business, not to sit down as I do and grieve inwardly because she cannot do what she would, but to do what she can, and that cheerfully. Goëthe says, 'It is well for a woman when no work seems too hard for her or too small, when she is able to forget herself and to live entirely in others.' Why am I not thus? I *can* be, and by God's help I *will* be. Unselfishness and energy, these are the great secrets, and these are within everybody's reach. I may be, if I choose, the life and centre of this home of mine—the one who helps all, the one to whom all appeal. I may bring order and even elegance out of all this confusion, by descending to details and going to work heartily. Why should I be ashamed to do so? The heroine of a Swedish novel goes into the kitchen to dress beef-steaks for her husband's dinner, and yet is capable of discussing æsthetics in a manner that few Englishwomen could equal. One would not be less liked and admired—(here it must be confessed that a particular person was in Clara's thoughts, though she gave mental utterance to no name)—for such exertions, but rather more. Men, especially, never think so highly of a woman as when she contributes to the comfort of others; and how *can* she contribute, to the comfort of

others, if her most active bodily exertion is to dance the polka? But this must be all *real*. It must be *done*, not thought about; and the disagreeables and the failures, which one must needs encounter, must be laughed at and overcome. Then how charming it will be when I see my work, and feel that I hold the family together, and that they all look to me and have recourse to me; and that by sacrificing my own particular wishes and tastes I am able to sustain them all, and to make them all happy!"

Clara clasped her hands together in the enthusiasm awakened by this idea, and the contents of the teaspoon went fluttering over the white tablecloth, not omitting to sprinkle the open butter-dish which stood near.

"Is n't my mistress' breakfast ready yet, Miss Clara?" asked a somewhat untidy looking maid, as she entered the room, carrying an empty tray, and followed by the master of the house and sundry other members of the family; "she has been waiting for it this quarter of an hour."

Clara looked bewildered at this sudden summons from her castle in the air.

"Why, the tea isn't even made!" cried Mr. Capel, indignantly. "Really, Clara, it is very tiresome. Books," with a wrathful glance at the volume of Sully, "are exceedingly well in their way; but it is one of the worst characteristics of a regular blue-stocking to be dreaming over a book when she ought to be making herself useful. Half-past nine o'clock, too, and the children's breakfast not ready yet. If this goes on I shall have Julia installed as housekeeper in future; she may, perhaps be better, and it's quite certain she could n't be worse!"

"I am very sorry, papa," said Clara, meekly, the ready tears gathering in her eyes.

"O! it's easy to be very sorry," returned her father, as he sat down and began cutting bread and butter with great vehemence; "but the fact is, you don't care for such things—you never think about them—your head is full of other matters; and as long as you have your German and your music it's nothing to you that your mother has to wait for her breakfast. If you gave one twentieth part of the thought which you bestow on a sonata by Beethoven to the comfort of your family, it would be better for all of us!"

How unjust we are to each other! and yet scarcely to be condemned, for the action is all we can see; and when the action belies the thought how can we form a right judgment? And who is there so perfectly disciplined that his habitual actions do indeed represent his inward aspirations?

Clara was naturally timid; she attempted no self-defence, but hurriedly and nervously proceeded with the business of breakfast. She made tea, conscious that the water had ceased to boil, but afraid to expose the fact by ringing the bell for a fresh supply. Quietly and silently she provided the children with their bread and milk, distributed the steaming cups to her elder brother and sister, and finally placed the strongest beside her father,

who vouchsafed no acknowledgment of the attention, his temper not being improved by the discovery that he was spreading tea-leaves upon the bread with his butter. Then, while the servant and tray still waited, she was hurrying out into the garden, leaving her own meal untasted, when her brother stopped her: "Where, in the name of wonder, are you going, Clara?"

"Only to gather a nosegay, to send up with mamma's breakfast," replied she, apologetically, as she paused on the threshold.

"A nosegay!" cried Mr. Capel, with an indescribable mixture of wrath and contempt, while George and Julia could not restrain their laughter, and the younger members of the family observed that restrained and awkward silence natural to children when a disturbance is going on among their elders. "A NOSEGAY! upon my word and honor, Clara, you are too provoking. Just come back and sit down, will you? I hate this confused uncomfortable way of having one's breakfast—it is wretched—it puts me out for the whole day. And your mother waiting all this while! She would much rather have a cup of tea, than all the nosegays in the world. It will be time enough to think of the *graces* of life when you have learned a little better to fulfil the commonest *duties*."

This closing sarcasm was quite too much for poor Clara; and as she resumed her seat and her occupation, her tears fell fast. She tried hard to restrain them, and cautiously screened them from her father's observation behind the urn. Then followed sundry of those small, quiet kindnesses, which are always forthcoming when any member of an affectionate family is in trouble, however deserved. George and Julia exerted themselves to maintain a forced conversation, and the former kept vigilant watch over the sugaring and creaming of his father's cup, in order to repair any oversight, without drawing attention to it; Emily silently supplied her sister's plate with bread and butter; and little Annie, who understood nothing except that Clara was crying about flowers, stole round to her side with a rosebud, just gathered from her own garden, soft and fresh as her own smiling lips, and quietly slipped the offering into Clara's hand.

Mr. Capel was angry enough to feel his indignation rather increased than abated by the evident distress of the culprit; it seemed to reproach him for a severity which justice had entirely demanded, and by aggravating his discomfort, aggravated also his ire. He pushed his plate from him, saying, in a kind of *finale* tone of intense disgust, "A wretched breakfast, indeed!" then sharply rebuked Emily for spilling her bread and milk on the carpet, and trod hard on the toes of the family spaniel, who spent his life in an abortive attempt to commit suicide by thrusting himself under the feet of each member of the household in succession, but who, being a favorite, was generally praised and petted for this, as though the natural place of dogs was wherever human feet were about to be planted; and if the dog escaped being trampled on, and the

human being escaped a fall, it was a wonderful exercise of skill and affection on the part of the former, and he deserved high commendation for it. Ponto howled aloud; and Emily, who was very tender-hearted, and whose nerves were somewhat affected by the preceding scene, burst into a violent flood of tears; little Annie, as a matter of course, roaring, with all her might, for sympathy.

The Capels were universally pronounced a very happy family; nevertheless, this specimen of their domestic felicity was by no means solitary of its kind.

Mr. Capel could scarcely be blamed for seizing his hat, and rushing forth to his office in a passion; however, he was by no means a fundamentally ill-natured man, only a little hot-tempered and fussy; so he came back again in five minutes, and made his peace with Clara, kissing her, and telling her "only to be a little more thoughtful in future, and these unpleasant scenes would n't happen." He then patted Emily's head, and bade her not be such a little goose; neither did he omit to stroke Ponto, as he passed out for the second time. Poor Clara, with swollen eyes and aching forehead, betook herself, work in hand, to her mother's bedside, there to reflect upon this first specimen of her powers as leader and life of a family.

I suppose it will be thought that my heroine was a very weak, inconsistent, self-indulgent young lady, whose good resolutions evaporated in soliloquies, or had just solidity enough for the construction of a castle in the air. We must, therefore, endeavor to give an idea of her character and position, which, as generally happens, were, in the first instance, peculiarly unsuited to each other; whether she ever succeeded in solving the great problem how to bring them into harmony, remains to be seen. She was nineteen years old, and the eldest of seven children; her mother was a confirmed invalid, who never left her bed till noon, and then only to be moved to a sofa; a gentle, uncomplaining sufferer she was, somewhat weak both in will and intellect, but full of tenderness, and beloved by all who knew her. Mr. Capel was, as we have seen, a good kind of man, hot-headed and warm-hearted, deficient in cultivation, but not in natural capacity, a rigid disciplinarian by fits and starts, and, consequently, the man, of all others, to produce utter confusion in his household. Seven children and a sickly wife taxed to the utmost the moderate income which he made as a lawyer in a country town, and the perpetual struggle of a naturally liberal disposition, compelled to live and make live upon insufficient means, was quite enough, when not converted by self-discipline into a means of improvement, to account for the growing irritability of his character. George, a promising youth of eighteen, and the delight of his elder sister's heart, was intended for holy orders; he was amiable and clever, even elegant in mind, but somewhat irresolute; there was about him a feminine want of self-dependence, combined with an occasional obstinacy of purpose, so sudden and disproportionate that it seemed to arise from

a secret suspicion of his particular defect and a desire to prove to himself that it had no real existence. As it often happens in such cases, he was apt to overdo the cure, and to apply it at wrong times; he was like a person who coddles himself all the summer when he is quite well, and goes out without a hat on the first frosty morning. Of course, he catches so violent a cold that he must needs stay in-doors for the next six months. Julia was a pretty good-humored common-place girl of sixteen, very ready with small-talk, and passionately fond of partners. She was popular wherever she went, and was just the sort of person to be habitually quoted by gentlemen as an example, to prove that it was quite unnecessary for a woman to have a mind.

The two little boys, Frank and Hugh, had rosy, smiling faces, hands never clean, and shoe-strings never tied. They got on very well at the day-school, thought it great fun to call their master "Dick" when he was quite out of hearing; invariably slammed the doors in summer, and left them wide open in winter; and always had in their pockets a knife, a piece of string, six marbles, two broken slips of wood, a rusty nail, the leaf of a Latin grammar, an ounce of toffy, some crumbs of bread and cheese, a hard ball, and an apple. Emily was a rather self-sufficient lady of nine years, who thought it great promotion to put back her hair with combs and wear worked collars. She was a vigorous stickler for the rights of woman, which she not unfrequently attempted to obtain from her brothers by personal violence, being always ready with the true English sentiment, "How cowardly to touch a girl!" if the smallest retort were attempted. To say the truth, the two schoolboys suffered many an instance of grievous tyranny at her hands, which they bore the better because they had not yet opened their eyes to the fact. Little Annie, with her earnest blue eyes, sweet shy manners, and pretty loving ways, was the pet, the plaything, and the sunshine of the whole household. Clara herself was the genius of the family, and as inoffensive a genius as it would be possible to find anywhere. She had been a precocious child, having learned all her letters before she was two years old, and composed a decided rhyme before she was four; neither had her talents evaporated as she grew up. She played very well, and sang with much feeling; she had a great aptitude for languages, was fond of reading, fonder of thinking, fondest of dreaming. She was very shy, and did not please in general society; she was uncomfortably conscious that her abilities were overrated, and believed herself to be destitute of those attractions which perhaps most women covet more than ability. In person she was interesting rather than pretty, having much intelligence and sweetness of countenance without regularity of feature, so she believed herself ugly, and tried to persuade herself that she was careless of admiration; yet she had much grace of manner, a musical voice, and a captivating smile, and if she had not often made herself repulsive out of the fear of being so, she might have been as pop-

ular as her sister. She had a most warm, loving, tender heart, a gentle, timid temper, a strong though quiet will, great natural reserve, great anxiety to be loved, boundless aspirations after excellence. She was at once enthusiastic and indolent, sadly deficient in continuous energy, yet never slothful. She felt herself useless, and despised herself for being so, and was almost ashamed to set about curing herself of the faults peculiar to what is called a "woman of genius," because she was not certain that she was one. She had all kinds of ideal pictures before her eyes which she was impatient to realize; but she was obliged to be architect and mason in one, and she did not know the simplest rules of construction. She was the person of all others most likely to be misjudged by those who did not thoroughly understand her; for, with an original and striking character, keen thoughts and decided opinions, she had so little natural presence of mind that she often appeared to have no character at all, and she was so self-distrustful that she sometimes disclaimed an opinion almost in the moment of uttering it, lest it should turn out to be wrong. She saw all the evils around her with a perception almost morbidly acute; and she was too busy with self-contempt for the sorry part she had played in the family drama, to think for a moment of criticizing her fellow-actors. Suddenly she had waked up to the consciousness of all this, having hitherto lived, half-studiously, half-dreamily, indulged in all her inclinations both by the love of her parents and the pride which they felt in her talents; and while frequently regretting and feeling teased by the civil disorders of the little commonwealth, contenting herself with the notion that she never could amend them, as it was useless for her to try to be practical. This, however, was but a vague half-expressed thought, although it was decidedly acted upon, and the evils were perpetually growing, and at last her eyes opened. Sorrowfully and earnestly her heart accused itself before God, and then took refuge from its own reproaches in the intensity of a fresh resolution. No one suspected what was going on in her mind, and numberless were the little difficulties unconsciously thrown in her way; not a few, also, were the helps lent to her as unconsciously. Indeed, she began to think that it only depended upon herself to turn every difficulty into a help; the steeper the path the sooner you reach the summit, if only you have strength and breath for the ascent. Clara thought she *had* strength and breath, and should they fail her she knew where and how to renew them. Her purpose burned within her with a fervor, almost with a passion, which those only can understand who are in the habit of feeling much which they never betray, and who, believing with all their hearts that the will *has* power over life and circumstance, and soul, are yet conscious, even to agony, of its practical impotence. The words, "conquer self!" were ringing in her ears, throbbing in her heart and brain, blinding and deafening her for the time to all outward sights and sounds. With an almost terrified hope that she

should ensure their fulfilment she repeated them inwardly as she knelt at the altar on the following Sunday, her whole spirit being (so to speak) in the attitude of a vow, though her lips pronounced no deliberate pledge. And afterwards during the evening luxury of a walk with the children, when they, bounding away in all directions, left her to solitary meditation, she calmly reviewed and sealed her resolution. How strange and how happy is the effect of even the most transient intercourse with nature upon a heart, wounded and erring, and yet desirous of good. How it soothes agitation, and softens pain, and creates life afresh, and in a nobler mould! And this work is done not merely by gorgeous skies or lovely moonlights, by bright waters looking up like children into the solemn faces of mountains, or sleeping under the shadowy guardianship of overhanging woods, by the glory and the beauty of earth; it is done likewise by her simplest and quietest pictures, by her cheapest and most unpretending gifts. The sight of one dark-leaved tree rocking slowly against a dim heaven; the mere aspect of one green field is often enough to change and subdue the whole course of thought. Is it not, perhaps, because these creations are fresh and unmarred from God's hands that they so speedily affect us; because in this they transcend man, in whom there is so much of personal and of evil that the workmanship of God is, as it were, disguised, and only to be discovered by careful search? The blade of grass which we pluck is what its Creator intended it to be; who shall dare say so much as this of himself, or of any other!

Clara was very happy, so long as she was busy with reveries of the future, and generalizations of duty; but she was far too much in earnest to rest in these, and on the Monday morning she determined to begin her new work heartily. She asked herself the question, "how?" and the sublime of thought instantly became the ridiculous of action. She would superintend their very indifferent cook in the preparation of dinner, and she would make herself a gown! Her mother had presented her with one on her last birthday, which lay useless in a drawer because she had not yet been able to save enough out of her scanty allowance to pay the dressmaker. How easy it is to look upon life as a whole—how *very* difficult to encounter its details! Clara got up three hours earlier than usual; and when the housemaid descended to her morning toils, she found the field preoccupied with shapeless segments of calico and unmeaning strips of silk, and a vast array of variously contorted wisps of paper which were afflicted with a mental hallucination, and believed themselves to be patterns. Her young mistress stood in the midst, considerably flushed and somewhat despondent, having as yet achieved no visible end but the scattering of an immense multitude of minute pieces of thread and sewing-silk upon the surface of the drugget. She now submitted, with rather an ill-grace, to be hunted from room to room by the much-worried domestic, being finally

dispossessed of the parlor only just in time to gather up her museum of materials with all haste, and thrust them at random into a closet, to make way for breakfast. After that meal she resumed her labors, varying them by an occasional excursion into the kitchen, which so amazed the cook that she had not self-possession enough to organize any immediate plan of resistance. The confusion of the apartment was at its height, when a knock at the door announced a visitor, and Mr. Archer entered. This was a gentleman who had been known to the Capel family for some years. He was good, clever, agreeable, and slightly satirical; at thirty-six a confirmed old bachelor in all his ways and thoughts; everywhere much liked, and everywhere a little feared; a great admirer of Julia, with whom he flirted in the easy, frank, comfortable way peculiar to his class, but by no means so fond of Clara, who was afraid of him, and whom he had never taken the trouble to know. In person he was gentlemanlike and pleasing, without being handsome; but he was afflicted with lameness, the consequence of a fall from his horse in college days. He assumed complete indifference to this defect, spoke of it openly, nay, even jested upon it, but in reality, and in secret, he was conscious of it, even to painfulness, believed himself (absurdly enough) unacceptable to any woman by reason of it, and, though he never betrayed, by look or manner, the slightest sensitiveness when any allusion was made to it, and, though his own freedom of expression rather encouraged such allusions in persons of coarse feeling, yet there can be no doubt that all such words inflicted their wounds, and that the delicacy which avoided them was among the surest claims to his regard. When a man speaks of himself—except it be in the close and holy confidence of a true friendship, wherein falsehood is impossible and disguise absurd—distrust him! Either consciously or unconsciously, be sure that he is throwing aside a veil to put on a mask.

"Well, Sappho!" cried Mr. Archer, as he entered the room, and came to a dead halt, in front of a mysterious coil of pink ribbon, upon which Clara had some vague, undeveloped designs; "in the name of wonder, what does this portend? Private theatricals, of course!—and you are mistress of the robes! What costume will you provide for me?"

There is no saying how much good Mr. Archer might have done Clara if he had discarded that objectionable habit of calling her Sappho. As it was, in every conversation which took place between them, there was an unhappy little basis of irritation on her part to begin with, which caused her to consider his most innocent remarks sarcastic, and, not unnaturally, disposed him to think unfavorably of her temper. She now answered him as gravely as if no joke had ever been made since the deluge: "Mamma does not approve of private theatricals. I am only making a dress."

He assumed a demure expression of countenance

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," said he, with a profound bow, and then turned to Julia, who came forward with laughing cordiality, holding a book up before his eyes, and assuring him that she had "read it *all* through—every word of it!"

Mr. Archer was in the habit of lending Julia books, which she read, or professed to read, chiefly with the object of discussing them afterwards with him. To say the truth, her reading was a very desultory kind of skimming; but, as Clara always studied them in good earnest, her sister generally contrived to pick up enough knowledge about them, to carry her effectively through a conversation, as readers of reviews are often known to pass for proficient in the literature of the day. The present volume had not, however, taxed her powers of endurance very heavily—it was Tennyson's poems.

He took it from her hand, and turned the leaves: "And which is your favorite?" asked he; "Locksley Hall, of course—everybody chooses Locksley Hall, on a first reading. What a colorist he is! The Venetian of poets."

"But I like this, very much," said Julia, looking over his shoulder, and laying her finger upon the name "Love and Duty."

He read it—at first carelessly, and as if about to pass from it again; but the passionate music laid strong hold upon him, and he could not leave it unfinished.

Far furrowing into light the mounded rack
Beyond the fair green field and eastern sea.

He closed the book, uttering the two last lines aloud as he did so, with a prolonged emphasis, just a little exaggerated, in order to save himself from being laughed at by making it look as if he were half in joke. "Just a glimpse of light at the end," said he; "a promise of dawn—giving one a faint hope that this most unlucky couple might, perhaps, be happy after all. Do you know, Miss Julia, I should not have expected you to choose this poem for a favorite."

"Why not?" inquired the young lady.

He looked doubtfully at her. "It is so very sentimental," said he, with a half smile.

"I think *I* am very sentimental," answered Julia, a little affronted.

"Besides," pursued Mr. Archer, "don't you think the verses are wrongly named 'Love and Duty?' Would it not have been more in accordance with duty if the young man had held his tongue about his love, seeing that, for some reason or other, the obstacles to its prevailing were insurmountable?"

Julia did not very well know what to say, so she gave him a bright look and a smile, which implied that she had a vast deal in her mind on the subject, but thought it better not to express it. Clara remarked, bluntly, "That is a masculine view of duty, and therefore, of course, selfish."

"How so?" asked Mr. Archer. Some special interference of his good genius prevented him from

saying Sappho, and consequently Clara, forgetting her shyness in her feeling for the poem, replied without hesitation. "Because she could feel no security that she was beloved till she was actually told so; no woman could; and not to give her that security would be to deprive her of her only comfort in the after desolation."

Julia looked up once more with her expressive smile: "That is exactly what I think," said she. Mr. Archer answered *her*, not—Clara, thinking the smile a great deal more eloquent than the speech, and giving it full credit for the substance of all that it shadowed forth. "You are perfectly right," said he, "but it is a new view to me." Then he opened the book once more and read the lines half unconsciously—

Was it not well
Once to have spoken?—it could not but be well!

"Come, I shall retort upon you; is n't this a feminine view of duty, and therefore, of course, loquacious? All women think that it cannot but be well to speak under any circumstances."

"What a shame!" exclaimed Julia. Clara went quietly back to her work with a look of contempt. She had not the gift of trifling. Presently, however, she looked up with a brightening face—a new visitor had arrived—Mr. Dacre. (We will inform the reader in confidence that we have some reason for supposing Dacre to be the name which was left blank in Clara's opening soliloquy.) He was also one among the family intimates, and moreover Clara's especial friend, though there was nothing between them partaking of the nature of a *firtation*. They had the same tastes, generally the same opinions; he had considerable genius, which she indisputably overrated, he was elegant in his modes of thinking, feeling, and speaking, and liked few things better than a conversation with her. As to his *character*, that is, the combination of will, temper, heart, and habits, which are somewhat more important than mere intellect, it lacked stability, and was without that nameless ascendancy which seems to be the special mark of a high manly nature, and by virtue of which it stands erect, guiding and subduing those whose merely intellectual gifts may perhaps be superior to its own. This deficiency, however, Clara did not feel; perhaps she was scarcely aware of it; we do not criticize most strictly those to whom we stand the nearest. Clara could speak, and speak freely, to Mr. Dacre of subjects on which, in her own family circle and among her other acquaintance, silence was practically enforced upon her, not by want of comprehension, perhaps, but by want of sympathy. The shyest and most reserved nature is precisely that which most enjoys the rare privilege of speaking—rare to it because it needs so peculiar a combination of outward circumstance and inward disposition to induce, or rather to enable it to do so. So slight a coldness, so small a sneer is enough to repulse it and shut it up for a long while to come. These characters are often boundlessly unjust in their feel-

ing towards others, if not in their judgment about them; but it is very difficult for them to help it. It may be because we are so *very* thin-skinned that a touch has wounded us; but while the wound still smarted freshly we can scarcely be chidden for avoiding a repetition of the touch.

I am sorry to record that no further progress was made in the construction of the gown that morning.

In her evening self-examination, Clara did not by any means spare her own feebleness of purpose. The next day, and the next, and for many succeeding days, she renewed her efforts with unflagging vigor. "*To be practical*;" this was the sentence inscribed upon every thought, and prompting it to immediate action. Very troublesome she was, there can be no doubt of it, in the first fever of her undisciplined usefulness. She wore a stern aspect, she was grievously and unnecessarily punctual, painfully energetic, and so abrupt in some of her resolves that it was more than ordinary nerves could endure. She would call in all the bills at unheard of times of year, to the great discomfiture of tradesmen, and introduce an unexpected charwoman to clean the drawing-room, in the midst of a morning visit. But these natural exaggerations, like the painter's first efforts at art, which, if he have true genius, are often caricatures, overstepping, not falling short of, the modesty of nature, exuberant rather than deficient—gradually softened down, as a habit grew out of a succession of impulses. Her many failures became so many lessons to teach gentleness; her perseverance was too strenuously vigilant of its own defects to degenerate into obstinacy. She imposed one law upon herself which she never broke, and which perhaps more than anything else tended to her improvement; namely, that whenever any service, duty, or business was needful in the family life which was of a disagreeable kind, or in any way repugnant to her own taste, she volunteered to perform it. She resolutely ignored, so to speak, the peculiarities of her own character, doing violence to them with a promptitude and energy which was the surest test of the reality of her intentions. No confession of disinclination—no look of reluctance appealed to the selfishness of those about her; and it gradually began to be taken for granted that Clara "*did not mind*" doing a hundred things which she did cheerfully, but which perhaps she would have given worlds to avoid. They still called her, with good-humored bantering, the "*genius*," the "*blue-stocking*," the "*unpractical lady*," but somehow or other they did not *act* upon the notion which was too permanently established in their language to be uprooted.

"News, Clara, news!" cried Julia, as, squired by Messrs. Archer and Dacre, she entered the room, full of glee and glowing with the exercise of a country ramble.

Clara looked up; she was teaching Annie her lessons, and Annie was wilful, and by consequence slow to learn, and Clara had the headache.

"O, we must not disturb Miss Capel," said Mr. Archer, with assumed deference; "this is one of the awful duties with which our frivolous conversation must not interfere for a moment. If we were to be compassing the queen's death our treason would not check that running accompaniment, 'i, n, in—s, t, r, u, e, struc—t, i, o, n, tion, instruction.' Have I divided those syllables correctly, you poor little victim?" and he pulled the unreluctant Annie upon his knee, and began to play with her long curls.

"I don't know," replied Annie; "I have not got into four syllables."

"That's a pleasure to come," answered her friend; and opening her writing-book he volunteered to provide her next copy, and solemnly set down in huge text-hand the words, "Heaven preserve me from four syllables."

Clara laughed; but it was somewhat languidly.

"There, there, we will release you this once, Annie," said she. "And pray tell me your news, for I am all curiosity."

Her eye wandered to Mr. Dacre and Julia, who were whispering together in the background; but they did not respond to the look, and Mr. Archer answered her, "Mr. Middleton is going to be married."

Clara was as much excited as any news-teller in the world could wish. Her wonder and interest were great. Mr. Middleton was the vicar of the parish, a sensible, agreeable, middle-aged man, indefatigable in his duties, and supposed by all his friends to be a confirmed old bachelor. She inquired eagerly concerning the lady.

"To begin with the most important part," said Mr. Archer, "she is very pretty, and she is twenty-five years younger than her husband."

"Have you seen her?" exclaimed Clara, "and what sort of person is she? Will she make a good clergyman's wife? O! how anxious the poor will be about her!"

"She will make a perfect wife," said Mr. Archer; "she will always look handsome and good-humored, she will be active and affectionate, and she will never require the smallest mental exertion on her husband's part. It will be a very easy life for him; so long as he is satisfied with himself, he may feel quite sure that she is satisfied with him."

"Mr. Middleton deserves something more than that," observed Clara, with quiet disdain.

"Deserves! Perhaps; but what if he does not want it? A hard-working man like Middleton does not want a spur for his times of leisure—he wants a pillow."

"And you think a wife is only meant for times of leisure?" said Clara.

"And times of sickness," replied Mr. Archer; "she may nurse him if he is ill, and I think Mrs. Middleton will make a very good nurse."

Clara's lips curled as she asked, "Will she be a companion for him?"

"She is the companion he has chosen," answered Mr. Archer, leaning back in his chair and laughing. "A woman's notion of a wife is so

different from a man's! Let her be handsome, good-tempered, warm-hearted, and well-principled, and she is a fit companion for the greatest man that ever was born, always supposing she is devoted to him."

"Without either refinement or intellect?" enquired Clara.

"Certainly without intellect," replied he; "intellect in a wife gives one so much trouble. It is rather in the way than otherwise. Let her be positively stupid, dull, slow of perception, if only she looks handsome, and flatters one's vanity, by seeming to be fond of one, you will find a clever man talk to her and busy himself about her for hours together without being weary. And as to refinement, that too may be very easily dispensed with; one grows accustomed to its absence, and so forgets to miss it. After habitual intercourse with a mind that is *not* refined, one's whole estimate alters, and a mind that *is* so, seems prudish, affected, oppressive to us."

"Of course you are not in earnest," said Clara; "you cannot *really* mean that the very highest and closest union of which human creatures are capable, should—but why do I argue about it? It is very absurd."

"I am not talking about *theories*," he answered, "such as young ladies cherish in the deep recesses of their hearts; but about plain matters-of-fact. It may be very shocking that it should be thus; nevertheless, thus it is, and it is useless to attempt to conceal it. But I should like very much to hear your notion of what a wife ought to be, though I think I pretty well know it without asking."

"Tell me, and I will tell you if you are right," replied Clara.

Mr. Archer heaved a deep sigh, cast up his eyes, and answered in a low, agitated voice: "She should live only for him; be his in every word, thought, and feeling; cling to him with the most submissive devotedness; and have her own way in everything."

Mr. Dacre and Julia, who had joined the disputants, laughed heartily at this definition, but Clara looked cross. "After this," observed she, "I can hardly be expected to state my theory."

"Oh," cried Mr. Archer, "I was n't talking about theories, but about practice. Very few people would like the look of their practice if it was exhibited to them in the shape of a theory."

"Clara, how *can* you look so grave?" exclaimed Julia; "we all know Mr. Archer is not in earnest."

"Indeed, I am," persisted he; "I never joke. My witticisms are as lame as my leg. When I introduce Mrs. Archer to you, you will all discover that my theory, at least, suits my practice."

Six weeks after this conversation, Clara and Julia paid their bridal visit at the vicarage, and were introduced to Mrs. Middleton. She was very pretty, with lively, open manners, and but little of the bashfulness which is generally supposed to be indispensable to a bride. She made the girls feel quite at their ease, walked round the grounds with them, to exhibit the improvements, and dwelt particularly

on the charms of a certain new bay-window, which "Mr. Middleton had built for her, to her own little sitting-room." The apartment in question had been a mere closet, but was now the prettiest in the vicarage, with its delicately-tinted walls and white muslin curtains, its flower-strewn carpet, luxurious couch, and low, embroidered chairs, its prints, and its books, and, above all, its delicious, half-solitary, half-social window, with a charming view of lawn, and ornamental flower-baskets, and winding walks, and cool, shadowy trees in the background. It looked the very temple of pleasant study, dreamy leisure, or intimate *causerie*.

"What a boudoir!" cried Julia, as they walked home. "It is perfection. I declare, I think I could marry Mr. Middleton for the sake of such a room as that!"

"And how exactly the lady suits the room!" rejoined George, who had accompanied his sisters; "she is much better-looking than I expected. She has more elegance of person, if not of manners, than Mr. Archer led one to imagine. How blue her eyes are! I do admire blue eyes."

"Talking of the bride, of course," said Mr. Dacre, joining himself to the group.

"Yes," answered Clara; "what do you think of her?"

"She is exquisite!" exclaimed Mr. Dacre; "and so naïve and girlish—she is like one of Murillo's pictures."

"She is very pretty and pleasant," said Clara; "but I do wish she had not made Mr. Middleton build that bay-window."

There was a general outcry, what could she mean? was it possible she did not admire it? It was the greatest improvement conceivable, &c. &c.

"Well," said Clara, "I think it is a great improvement in one sense, but not in another. Mr. Middleton used to spend all he could save from his income in charity; and I think a clergyman's wife ought to help her husband in his self-denials, not encourage him to relax them."

"Oh, dreadful! my dear Miss Capel," cried Mr. Dacre; "the poor clergyman has trials enough out of doors. Do, for pity's sake! let him find comfort and indulgence at home."

Clara thought it perfectly necessary that he should do so; but she did not think that a wife's devotion to her husband's comfort implied the necessity of her leading him into expenses for mere luxuries, and so she said. She said it, moreover, in a very unpleasant tone of voice, shortly and sternly, as if she were sentencing Mrs. Middleton to the galleys, and feeling that she deserved it.

"My dear Clara," observed George, "I think this is uncommonly like judging one's neighbors."

Clara felt rebuked. She was never cross to anybody except Mr. Archer; so, after reflecting a moment, she looked up at George with a frank, bright smile, and replied, "It must be *very* like indeed, George, for I suspect it is the thing itself; and as that is a much worse offence than building unnecessary bay-windows, I will let poor Mrs. Middleton alone."

"Yes, pray leave her to enjoy her sweet little boudoir unmolested," said Mr. Dacre. "All the bloom and fragrance would be crushed out of life, if duty held it in so iron and perpetual a grasp. A woman's greatest charm, after all, is that she is—a woman! and that charm Mrs. Middleton possesses in the highest degree."

He turned to Julia as he finished, and the rest of the walk he spent in wrangling with her about the color of her ribbons, and commenting upon the curls of her glossy dark hair, apparently quite as much to his own satisfaction as to hers. He followed them into the house to ask Clara's opinion upon a difficult German passage, discussed it with her for about a quarter of an hour in a steady, business-like manner, and then took his leave.

Shall we admit the reader to another soliloquy of Clara's, as in one of her rare half-hours of idleness she stood at the table arranging some freshly-gathered flowers to decorate her mother's bedroom? "Charm!" she repeated slowly to herself, "that is what I have not. Mrs. Middleton is captivating; she may do what she pleases, she has the gift, the mysterious, enviable gift of winning that interest and admiration which are sure to ripen into love. Julia, too—it is no matter what she *does* or *says*—she fascinates by what she *is*. But I—people esteem me, and make use of me, and are very much obliged to me, and value me, and so forth; but for me, for my own self, they care nothing. It is the book I discuss, or the sonata I play, or the service I perform, about which they think; the *person* who discusses, or plays, or does what they want, has no interest for them except as a vehicle. Those whom I best love miss me in absence because of what I did for them, not because of what I was to them. I have not the gift—I have no charm." Poor Clara! was she not a very woman? I am ashamed to confess it; but I suspect she would gladly have changed places with Julia at that moment, for the sake of possessing Julia's mysterious power of attraction. I am afraid that she would rather have been teased about ribbons than consulted about German. Then she resorted to Mrs. Middleton and her bay-window, and condemned herself for censoriousness; but after all could not manage to bring herself into a right state of feeling about it. Surely it was, without doubt, a deliberate act of self-indulgence; and it was difficult for Clara to be lenient to deliberate acts of self-indulgence in others when they were just the very things against which she was making so vehement a crusade in herself. It is so hard to avoid self-consciousness in the voluntary and independent pursuit of duty.

Clara went up stairs with her flowers, but was stopped in the dressing-room by little Annie, who came to meet her on tiptoe, and with her finger at her lips. "Mamma is asleep," whispered she; "I have been sitting to watch her, and she is quite fast asleep now. I gave mamma her dinner. She said, when you came in, I was to be sure and

tell you that she wants a new book from the library, and that there was rather too much salt in the broth. I was to tell *you*—not Julia, because Julia never remembers. I have been hemming a pocket handkerchief for mamma. O, Clara, how happy it is to be useful!"

The little girl's face was radiant with innocent pride and glee; and she looked up into her sister's eyes for approval and sympathy. "Do you think," asked she, "when I grow up, I can ever be as useful as you are?" Clara kissed her, without speaking; and they went out together to procure the new book for Mrs. Capel. It was quite an expedition for Annie to go to the library, and she was in the highest exultation. As they passed through the garden, they came upon a most busy and tumultuous scene; the next day was Mr. Capel's birthday, and the children were to surprise him with a feast in the summer-house. Emily and the boys had just completed their preparations, wreathing the pillars and pediment with green leaves, and bringing their choicest geraniums to stand on either side of the entrance; they were contemplating their finished work with the highest satisfaction. Poor Annie! She was to have helped in the arrangements, but she had been forgotten. True, they had called her, but she did not answer, for she was in her mother's room; so they went merrily to work, and never thought of her again. She stood still, tears of anger and grief gathering in her eyes. Some slight sense of wrong they had certainly, but after once saying they were sorry, and it was a pity, they went back to their chaplets, quite at ease, Emily expressing a consolatory hope that she "wouldn't be such a baby as to cry about it." Poor Annie! She had not even been missed, and the gathered tears began to fall.

"Stay, and help them, darling," said the sympathizing Clara; "you may fetch the pink gladioles from my garden—and, hark! don't say anything about it, but I will send for a parcel from the town, of something good for the feast!"

O, how quickly the tears changed into sparkling smiles! O, how eagerly the little laborer hurried to her welcome toil! no sense of slight or sorrow remaining, working with all her might among the others, overflowing with gratitude and happiness.

And as Clara went forth on her solitary walk, her conscience said to her, "The kingdom of heaven is of little children."

A year passed away—another note was struck in the scale of life, as it rose towards its final cadence. Who notices enough those solemn sounds—those lonely strikings upon the bell which tolls and then is silent—who takes heed whether the note be higher or lower than the last utterance of that grave music, or whether it be unchanged? Our years, for the most part, are like poor Beau Brummell's valet, who, whensoever his master went forth to a party, remained behind to gather up the "failures" strewn about his dressing-

room, in the shape of some dozen cravats, rejected because the wearer had been unable to attain due perfection of tie. Only the parallel must not be carried too far—for, alas! we very often strew the floor of time with our failures, and go forth uncravated, after all.

"Julia, dear, what is the matter! Won't you tell me! Why are you crying!—are you unhappy about anything!"

Clara's arms were around the waist of her sister, who wept silently upon her shoulder. After a while she looked up, smiling, through her tears, one of those bright, unmistakable smiles which tell of warmth, life, and light, as truly as sunshine does when it falls upon rippling waters, or woos spring flowers to unfold themselves.

"It is very silly to cry, when I am so happy," answered she, after the fashion of Miranda; "can you guess what has happened!"

Clara looked earnestly into her face. "Yes," said she, "I think I can. Dearest Julia! I have long expected it. Tell me everything as soon as you can speak."

Clara's tears were flowing nearly as fast as her sister's. It is the way which women have of watering all the young, tender plants of happiness, which spring up new in the garden of life, to make them grow.

"He spoke, this morning," said Julia, still hiding her blushing face. "And will you tell mamma? for I shall never find courage. Oh! Clara, it seems so strange—and I never thought he was in love with me."

"But everybody else thought so," replied Clara. "His manner has shown it for a long time—only, I know it is a matter of course that these things are discovered by the lookers-on, and not by the persons whom they most concern. I dare say you thought he was quite indifferent to you, and rather wondered that he did not pay you more attention."

"Yes, indeed!" murmured Julia; "I always thought he liked you the best!"

Clara felt greatly astonished, for such a blunder as this outdid the ordinary mistakes of young ladies in Julia's situation. "Liked me the best!" repeated she. "What! Mr. Archer!"

"Mr. Archer!" exclaimed Julia, kindling into an articulateness and decision scarcely to be expected of her. "Who was thinking of Mr. Archer!"

Clara looked at her without speaking. "It is Mr. Daere," added Julia, holding down her face and relapsing into bashfulness.

There was a silence of some minutes, and then Clara warmly renewed her congratulations, and went to tell the news with all possible tenderness to her mother. How did she feel! It is difficult to say. There was immense astonishment and a momentary pang of something that was neither disappointment nor jealousy, and yet there was a pang, vehemently and instantly chidden into quietness, with a sensation of horror at its selfishness. And then she talked long and gently with her

mother, listening to all her doubts and hopes, sympathizing with all, dispelling the one by the earnest assurances with which she encouraged the other. And then she told her father, and bore part in the somewhat colder discussion which ensued of ways and means, and future position, times and seasons, and such sublunary matters, of which it would have been profane to breathe a word in Julia's presence. And then she went out for a quiet walk with George, and listened and responded to his unmixed delight—all brothers are so pleased when their sisters marry—with a very good grace. And each one of the three with whom she discussed the great event wound up the conversation by saying, "Do you know it is *such* a surprise to me! I fancied he liked *you*." And to each one she answered, laughing, "Oh, how could you dream of such a thing!"

Her vanity was a little mortified—so she told herself in her subsequent deliberations on the matter. Mr. Daere had belonged to her, and it was not perfectly pleasant to see him appropriated by another. He had from the first courted her friendship, and she was unused to be preferred, and she felt that her belief in her own incapacity for winning affection was strongly incensed. She could not escape sundry far from agreeable misgivings; she had supposed him to be liking her best when he was only thinking of Julia. How often must she have bored him by her conversation when he wanted to be talking to her sister! Her cheeks burned at the idea, and she inwardly resolved to withdraw more than ever from attention in society; she must be vain, indeed, far vainer than she had suspected, to have fallen into such an error. She would watch herself strictly for the future.

The real truth was that Mr. Daere *had* liked her best originally, but had ceased to do so, partly from natural instability of character, partly from another cause which may perhaps seem utterly improbable, but which did, nevertheless, exist. Clara's strenuous efforts to be practical and useful had impaired her attractions in his eyes. When he first became acquainted with her she had been exactly the kind of person about whom he could dream to his heart's content; there was no oppressive reality about her; no substance of character. Her time was divided pretty equally between study, music, and conversation—all three very elegant employments which did not in the slightest degree interfere with the consistency of his ideal portraiture of her. But when she took to darning stockings the ideal began to fade; and when she was heard pronouncing decided opinions on matters of fact—when she was seen not merely hurrying, but absolutely bustling, about her household concerns—when she cut short a disquisition on æsthetics to go and assist in putting up the drawing-room curtains, and was too busy settling accounts to come and play Beethoven, he quietly gave her up and betook himself to her sister. It may sound paradoxical, but the truth is, that Julia's uselessness was her great attraction in his eyes. Of course he was unconscious of it, but so

it was. In the first place, it enabled her to be always at his beck and call; no imperative duty thrust itself between them. As she had nothing particular to do, she might just as well be making herself agreeable to him. Moreover, she was never preoccupied—a great charm to man's vanity—because, in fact, she was never occupied at all except when he occupied her. And the very absence of all that was definite or interesting in her character, while it ensured placidity of temper, gave his restless imagination free play. She was nothing at all, and therefore he might fancy her to be just whatsoever he pleased. There are certain smooth tablets on which you may write whatever you like; it needs but a wet sponge to efface the whole inscription. It is said that these tablets are made of the skin of an ass, but I would not for the world make an uncivil use of this fact in natural history.

Clara's next feeling was compassion for Mr. Archer. She was quite sure that he was disappointed, and, in fact, he had reason so to feel. Even a man so free from vanity as he was might have been led to believe himself preferred, by Julia's manner. She wondered how he would take it, but could not help laughing when she caught herself devising gentle means of breaking it to him. Soon afterwards he drank tea with the Capels; his congratulations were cold, decidedly cold; Clara was certain that it cost him much to offer them at all. She exerted herself to talk to him, and though he was in a more than ordinarily sarcastic humor, she did not lose her patience, for it seemed to her quite natural. Subsequently she prevailed on her father to forego his intention of asking Mr. Archer to the wedding, and reflected with pleasure that she had at least spared him that pain. As a matter of fact, Mr. Archer, being wholly unconscious of the special kindness which dictated his exclusion, was a good deal hurt by it, which Clara, happily, never discovered.

And the wedding came and passed—a commonplace wedding enough. The bride, of course, had never looked so pretty, and the bridegroom behaved admirably. I never yet heard of a wedding at which it was not expressly stated that the bridegroom behaved admirably. Sometimes I cannot help wondering what it can be that bridegrooms are so strongly tempted to do, that resisting the temptation is enough to entitle them to such extravagant praise. The bridegroom on the present occasion looked at least as well as he behaved, being, by good luck, an unusually handsome man, tall, and distinguished in figure. There was a great deal of white lace, and a great many tears, and a crowd of people staring at the bride, and prophetically calling her "poor dear" at every third word, and a quantity of flowers to walk upon, which performed their symbolism to perfection, looking bright and fresh when the bride set her fairy feet upon them, but getting crushed and decidedly shabby by the time that the other members of the procession followed, and there was a priest in white saying

solemn words, and two faint voices slowly faltering their responses, speaking, in fact, with their hearts, which seems to be almost as difficult as reading with the back of one's neck; and there was a cluster of faces in the little vestry looking like rain-clouds at sunset, so glowing and yet so tearful; and there was a small collection of autographs made by trembling hands for the benefit of the parish; and there was hurrying back to the sound of a perfect steeple-chase of bells; and there was a breakfast which was a dinner in a stage disguise which deceived nobody, but just enabled people to call it by a wrong name; and there were a few desperate struggles at small talk made and then abandoned; and there were healths drunk, and speeches grotesquely pathetic delivered, and a band outside playing "Hearts of Oak," with a vague idea that it was appropriate to the occasion; and an agitated toilette, in which it seemed wonderful that the lady's stockings did not get upon her hands, or her bonnet upon her feet; and a rushing down stairs and sundry close embraces in the hall, silent and sobbing, as though the form thus passionately grasped were just about to be committed to the executioner; and four horses galloping as fast as four horses ought to do when they are carrying joy away from sorrow; and it was all over.

Clara felt very lonely—not that Julia had been a companion to her in the highest sense of the word—nevertheless, it seemed as though a completer kind of solitude than heretofore were come upon her life. She had no one but George to whom she could now speak of what she felt, and to him she clung with a fervor of affection absolutely passionate. This was, in truth, the greatest fault of her character, and it may be described in a single phrase—the *need of idolizing*. That a woman must needs lean and love who will deny? But that she should lean helplessly, and love immoderately, is the evil. Yet never was there woman in the world, of true woman-nature, to whom this was not a danger narrowly escaped, an obstacle scarcely surmounted, if, indeed, escaped or surmounted at all. Clara followed her brother's college career with proud and joyful devotion; in a very agony of hope she watched through each crisis of the course, and language is powerless, indeed, to express the rapture of her thankfulness when the final trial was passed, and the honors of the first class were won. With her whole heart she believed that the world had never before owned such a genius as George's. She associated herself in all his pursuits, tastes, troubles, and pleasures, with a touching mixture of reverence and tenderness, and so made him her all, that she could scarcely be satisfied to be less than all to him. The incredulous scorn with which she turned away from sundry intrusive whispers, that he was not quite so steady as he might have been, was too lofty to be otherwise than calm. It is little to say that she would have given her life for him. An every-day affection could do thus

much out of mere shame, if the alternative were distinctly set before it; but she gave her life to him, and that is far more.

His college course was now over, and, in one of those fits of enthusiasm natural to a character of his stamp, he announced his intention of devoting a year to retirement and study preparatory to his examination for deacon's orders. He talked and felt beautifully concerning the responsibility about to come upon him; and his sister's warm heart bowed itself before him as he talked, grateful to him for thus realizing its highest ideal. There was a painful struggle in her mind when he asked her if she would come with him to the cottage which he had chosen in a retired village on the sea-coast. At first she believed that her duty forbade her this great happiness, and that she must needs stay at home to uphold the system of domestic comfort which she had constructed; but she was overruled in her own favor by her parents. They did not tell her all the motives which determined them upon sending her with George, for many reasons; but the fact was that their experience had by no means encouraged them to a perfect reliance upon his steadiness, and they had so grown into the habit of looking to Clara in all trials, of seeing her arrange all difficulties, endure all annoyances, and bring order and comfort out of all confusions, that they felt, as though by establishing her under her brother's roof, they were setting a guardian angel to watch over him, and keep him from going astray. Circumstances, unfortunately, prevented this plan from being put into practice according to their original intention. Little Annie was ill, and Clara was obliged to stay at home to nurse her. George had been more than four months in his solitary abode when his sister set forth to join him. Long enough to commence, to waver in, and to forsake his original resolution—or to persevere in it till he made a habit of it.

Clara had never in her life felt so perfectly happy as she did when her brother's arms received her on alighting from the — stage-coach. The solitary journey, always a nervous business, was over; the warm welcome so long looked forward to was actually being received. She was now with him; in five minutes more she was making tea for him. How comfortable the little room looked in her eyes, with its soiled carpet, gaudy paper, straight-backed chairs, and narrow horse-hair sofa! How delicious was the tea, made with water guiltless of having ever boiled; and surely never before was such a dainty tasted as the under-done mutton-chop which the good offices of the hostess had provided for the refreshment of the traveller! If she noticed anything amiss it was only with the agreeable anticipation of reforming it, and so making him more comfortable than he could possibly have been without her. And she looked greedily at the well-filled book-shelf, and thought how she should make extracts and look out passages for him, and sit by his side while he worked, holding her breath lest she might disturb him; and how delightful it would be when he should look up for a moment to read a striking sentence, or discuss a doubtful argument!

He looked a little pale, he had certainly overworked himself. Now *she* was come, that could never happen again; she would beguile him into the refreshment of a walk, or the luxury of a little chat; she could help him in all his labors, and ensure his not overdoing them.

"You look tired, dear!" was her observation, her eyes fondly fixed upon his face.

"I was up late, last night," he replied; "and I have a little headache."

"You will have no more headaches now *I* am come," said she. "When I think bed-time has arrived, I shall take away the books, and put out the candles. I have no notion of letting you work so hard in the present as to impair your power of working for the future."

He laughed. "Oh!" answered he; "I was not working *last* night. Wonderful to relate, I was at a party! Three old college friends of mine have taken a shooting-box in the neighborhood, and I dined with them, and we kept it up rather late. They are capital fellows."

"I am so glad!" cried Clara; "I was afraid you had no society or amusement at all here, and that must be bad for anybody. You know, love, you mustn't think of me; I am used to be alone, and rather like it. So I hope you will spend as much time with your friends as you did before I came. Are *they* studying too?—how lucky it was that you met them here!"

"Not exactly. Very lucky!" replied George, with a slightly embarrassed manner; and the next minute he began to talk of home, and they separated for rest, after one of the most delightful evenings that Clara had ever spent. The next morning, after a happy *tête-à-tête* breakfast, she fetched her work and sat quietly down, anxious not to be troublesome or officious in her offers of service, but ready to work, to wait, to talk, to be silent, to sympathize, with alacrity, as she might find that she was wanted. George produced his books and papers, and took his seat with a desultory yawn. The length of time that it cost him to find his place, the vague, aimless manner in which he went to work, the parade of new pens and clean paper might have caused a more suspicious person than Clara to guess that, at the very least, he was resuming an interrupted habit. He had not been employed above an hour, when a note was brought him, and he started up eagerly. "I am going out, Clara, dear—I shall be back to dinner;" and he was gone, without further explanation. That day he *did* return to dinner; but the compliment to his sister was not often repeated. Gradually, even her loving incredulity was forced to confess that he was idle—even her faith in him, which could have removed mountains, began to waver. He was scarcely conscious himself how far he had departed from his own determinations; he was so resolutely blind to his own defects, that it would have needed a stronger hand than poor Clara's, who, alas! was only anxious to be blind with him, to open his eyes. Moreover, he *did* work by fits and starts; and she remembered each day of work with a vigilance more

eager than his own, and added it scrupulously to the account, and tried to persuade herself that his relaxations were only necessary, as long as she could. Her sense of her own inferiority to him was so strong, that it was long indeed before she ventured on a remonstrance, and what she suffered, ere she did so venture, can scarcely be described. It was about three weeks after her arrival—he had been out all day, and she was sitting up for him. He came at about one o'clock in the morning, and she heard his voice in the passage, calling vehemently for tea, before he would go to bed. She hurried out to him: "George, dear! come in—nobody is up—I will get you some tea, directly."

He came in—his manner was strange and abrupt—he looked vacantly at her—uttered an oath, the first she had ever heard from his lips—threw himself on to a sofa, and before she could complete her hasty and trembling preparations, was breathing hard, in sudden, heavy sleep. Even Clara's inexperience could not mistake the symptoms, and, instead of making tea, she sat down and cried—*how* bitterly, none but those can tell who have believed in, and doated upon, and worshipped an imaginary divinity, and then suddenly discovered it to be weaker than ordinary human weakness. To Clara's pure and gentle eyes, this was grievous sin—and, with the painful charity of disappointed affection, she began to devise excuses for what she could not refuse to see; but, oh! the bitterness of the new, terrible truth, which made those excuses necessary!

When George awoke on the following morning, he was still on the sofa, and his sister still watching beside him. It was some time before he thoroughly comprehended what had passed, and then, half ashamed, half angry, he made an awkward explanation; he had been out all day in the open air, had returned quite exhausted, and a glass or two of wine more than his habit had been too much for him—he was afraid he had frightened her—what a simpleton she was, not to have gone to bed! &c. &c. And poor Clara took this scanty balm to her aching heart, and tried to be satisfied with it.

George was by no means very bad, only Clara had fancied him so very good that it was hard to be undeceived. Her influence, patiently, tenderly, trustfully exerted, was not without its effect. And, bitter as was her disappointment, she lived through it; the path which seems perpendicular when you gaze at it from a distance, may toilsomely be climbed when your feet are actually set upon it. Some half dozen times, in the course of Clara's sojourn with him, the scene which had so bitterly afflicted her was repeated; but, on the whole, he improved. He tried to work more regularly; occasionally he refused an invitation; sometimes he laid out a plan for the distribution of his time, and once he kept to it for a whole week. Clara learned to rejoice in things which, three months before, she would have disdained to believe. It is wonderful what love will bear—how perfect is its theory, yet with what a

beautiful hypocrisy that theory will accommodate itself to facts, and strive to seem unaltered. The union between this brother and sister was never disturbed: she never spoke harshly to him; indeed, she was too timid to speak as freely as she ought. But gradually the reproving silence of her quiet sorrow did its work, and the last month that they spent together, resembled, in some faint degree, the portrait of her imagination; and the time for returning home arrived.

"Yes, there it is! That is the church tower, George; how kind of the moon to appear for a moment, and show it me! We are almost at home. In five minutes more, the horses' feet will be upon the stones."

Their heads were put eagerly out of the carriage windows as they drove up the street, and turned the well-known corner. Soon, by the light of the wayside lamps, they distinguished the small, formal-looking, red-brick house, with its green door and trellised porch, its miniature front garden, some thirty feet square, with a straight gravel walk up the middle, and a circular border on each side, in the centre of a plot of grass. The upper and lower windows of the house were dark, though it was already two hours after sunset; suddenly the gleam of a candle was seen; it passed rapidly from one window to another; then the door of the house was thrown violently open, and a female servant, without bonnet or cloak, rushed out, and ran at full speed up the street, scarcely a second ere the carriage stopped before the swinging gate. Quick, speechless terror came upon George and Clara, and the former was out of the carriage almost before it had ceased to move—sick at heart with nameless fear, his sister followed him into the house. There was no one in the hall. From above-stairs came the sound of hurrying footsteps, interrupted by a low moaning and sobbing, as of some one in great agitation, but unable to give it free vent. Clara stood still, appalled. She would have given worlds to know, either at once or never, what was happening. She felt tempted to turn and run away, as if she could so escape what was about to come upon her. In another moment, the loud, unrestrained cry of childish sorrow burst upon her ears, and little Annie came running down stairs, weeping bitterly, and covering her face with her handkerchief. The brief paralysis which had rendered Clara incapable of thinking or acting, passed away in an instant; taking the child in her arms, she asked, in low, hasty accents, "What is it, Annie!—what is it?"

"Papa, papa!" sobbed the little girl; "he has had a fit—he is dying."

They stood together, a moment, in the dark hall, closely folded in each other's arms, but unable to see each other's faces. Then Clara hurried up stairs—but ere she joined the ghastly and troubled group who stood around the bed, all was over, and she was an orphan.

The course of a great sorrow is common-place enough, a thing of every day. There is the wild incredulity and the unreal composure, half stupor, half excitement; there is the struggle, more or less vehement, of the will against the adverse power which is laboring to subdue it; the defeat and the victory, the brave effort, the helpless surrender. There are prayers, such as that prayer which was once wrung from the agony of a great heart, and which is the voice of a new grief for all time. "Lord! thou hast permitted it, therefore I submit with all my strength."* There is the heavy weariness, and the aching resignation, and the utter weakness, and the deep solemn calm, and the holy strength, and the melancholy peace so sweet in the midst of bitterness, when the vision of heaven dawns upon those eyes which are too blind with tears to see any longer the beauty of earth; there is the slow, painful return to old habits and ways, the endeavor, now feeble, now vigorous, the gradual interrupted success, the shuddering recurrence of familiar images and associated sounds—and the final closing up of a memory into the heart's inmost temple, where it dwells and lives forever, which the world calls forgetfulness, or at least recovery. And the mourner goes back again to the outer world and common life, like one who has had a fever and is in health again, though somewhat wan and feeble, and needing more than heretofore to be cared for and considered. Sorrows are the pulses of spiritual life; after each beat we pause only that we may gather strength for the next.

Mr. Capel's affairs were found to be in great confusion. It often happens that the men whom we have believed to be most cautious and least sanguine are the very men to engage in some sudden rash speculation which results in ruin. Such was the case now. He had embarked what little principal he possessed in a new railroad; the scheme failed, and his family found themselves literally penniless. The poor widow and little Annie were taken by Mrs. Dacre, whose very moderate income was taxed to its utmost to maintain them. A situation as pupil-teacher in a considerable school was found for Emily; Clara and George were, for the present, received at the vicarage. Mrs. Middleton was throughout Clara's chief support; her warm unselfish kindness amply atoned for any little deficiency in refinement. She insisted upon taking the poor dejected girl to her own home till a suitable position as governess could be found for her, and she interested herself most earnestly in the preliminary negotiations, taking special care that Clara should not "throw herself away in a hurry, which would be perfectly absurd, as the vicarage was open to her for any length of time, and she would not suffer her to leave it unless the prospect were thoroughly satisfactory." As Clara witnessed her life of busy

charity and honest self-denial she forgave her the bay-window, and reproached herself not a little for her former censorious judgment. Every comfort and help came from or through Mrs. Middleton; it was she who found the situation for Emily, and assisted Clara in arranging and carrying through the whole affair; it was she too who cheered George when his heart was heavy and his hopes were low, as giving up of course his intention of taking orders, he began the wearisome task of looking for employment. Aided by her, Clara began gradually to rally from her extreme depression, and to exert herself as heretofore. Her greatest present difficulty, the maintenance and destination of her two younger brothers, was relieved in an unlooked-for and mysterious manner. In the midst of her first despondency arrived a letter from the master with whom the boys were placed, acknowledging the receipt of a year's payment in advance for his pupils. On inquiry it was found that the sum had been sent in Mr. Capel's name; but all exertions to discover the source from which it came proved utterly futile. This bounty, come whence it might, came like manna in the desert; yet poor Clara was nearly as much inclined to murmur at it as were the Israelites of old. There was in her character a strength of natural pride, hitherto unsuspected by herself, mingling a bitterness with her gratitude, of which she felt deeply ashamed. The discipline which she was now undergoing was specially needful to her, and therefore, of course, specially painful; she had so loved to be all-sufficient in her family, to know secretly, however little she presumed upon it outwardly, that she was the prop, the guide, the guardian of them all. Now she found herself helpless, powerless, useless; one whom she had well-nigh despised was her supporter, one unknown was her benefactor. She herself was—nothing!

It was Clara's birth-day; no one ventured to congratulate her, and she herself shrank from any allusion to the subject. When we are in much affliction it seems natural to put out the lights. They can but show others what we suffer, or force us to contemplate their tears. At breakfast, Clara received a note from a lady in the neighborhood, a stranger to her, who required a governess for her children, and requested an interview with Miss Capel. Twelve was the hour appointed, and the writer's residence was two miles distant from the vicarage; with many a good wish and many a salutary caution from Mrs. Middleton, who failed not to remind her, again and again, that she had *promised* not to *conclude* an engagement without previous consultation, Clara set forth on her solitary walk. As she went, she thought anxiously about George; he was trying for a situation as mathematical tutor in a scholastic establishment, which had just been founded under somewhat peculiar circumstances. The founder was a man of large fortune, and eccentric habits; he had reserved to himself alone, the selection and appoint-

* This was the ejaculation repeatedly uttered by the unhappy Henrietta Maria, when she began to recover from the stupor into which she was thrown by the news of her royal husband's murder.

ment of the various professors, and it was said that he tried the patience of the applicants not a little, in the course of his investigation of their claims, moral, intellectual, and theological. George's college honors had been much in his favor, and Clara's hopes had been high till a few days before, when he received a letter which appeared to annoy him, and which he did not show her. He was a long while composing his reply, and after he had despatched it, he seemed more than usually low-spirited, and evaded all discussion of the subject with his anxious and vigilant sister. It was not possible to her nature to seek the confidence even of those she most loved, when they withheld it, so she wondered and grieved in silence; and many a fear, and many a prayer, passed through her heart, in the hours when her aching head rested on a pillow now unfamiliar with sleep. Thus, more than commonly anxious, and with the bitter memory of former birthdays stirring within her, she knocked at Mrs. Bouverie's door, and was admitted into that lady's presence.

Clara felt too sorrowful to be shy, otherwise the exceeding coldness of her reception might have daunted her a little. Mrs. Bouverie, a tall, lean, hard-featured woman, of fifty-six, with keen eyes, thin lips, and a general dryness of expression perfectly indescribable, slightly bowed, and, without rising, motioned her visitor to a seat. She uttered two civil sentences, which she had learned by rote, about its being a fine day, and a long walk; and then proceeded at once to business. She was one of those people who are as chary of small talk as though they were capable of conversation, and as niggard of courtesies as though they were ready with secret kindnesses. Now it is all very well to be reserved when you have got something to hide, but it is really too provoking to see people so careful to lock up empty caskets, and seal blank envelopes. It is an imposition upon society, and ought not to be tolerated.

We will not weary the reader with the oft-repeated scene of hiring a governess. Suffice it to say, that Mrs. Bouverie having inquired into Clara's qualifications, and examined her testimonials with apparent satisfaction, proceeded to sum up her own requisitions in the following manner:—

"You will have six pupils, Miss Capel, between the ages of seven and fourteen; you will have the exclusive charge of their education in English and French, and the two elder girls will learn German. The music-master attends once a week, and you will be present at the lessons, and will very carefully watch—I am particular about this—the practising of each of your pupils daily. Drawing and fancy-work you will of course teach yourself. You will breakfast and dine early with your pupils, and walk with them for two hours a day; and at eight o'clock, when the younger girls go to bed, I shall expect the pleasure of your company at my tea-table. I always like music in the evening, and shall hope to hear you play and sing

with your pupils. You will have perfect freedom, and I hope you will be very comfortable. My housekeeper will settle the pecuniary arrangements with you."

Miserable as Clara was, she yet shrank from the future indicated by these words. She remembered at a little fishing village on the sea-coast to have seen a mule employed in carrying sand and sea-weed; the animal had a kind of wooden saddle fitted upon its back, and was sent to and fro between the carts waiting to be loaded and the water's edge, a distance of some eight hundred yards. To and fro, across this measured melancholy space, it trudged doggedly and patiently, pausing at the one end of its journey to receive its burthen, and at the other end to be relieved of it, and pausing for nothing else. Clara thought of the mule when Mrs. Bouverie described her governess' day, and felt glad that she had pledged herself not to decide. She replied quietly and courteously that she would send a definitive answer in the evening, as she was bound to consult a friend ere she finally determined. Mrs. Bouverie drew herself up, and Clara became aware that it was possible for her manners to assume an additional coldness; a fact which the strongest imagination could scarcely have conceived before experiencing it. However, Mrs. Bouverie piqued herself upon being always considerate, so she said with grim civility, "You will do what you think best, Miss Capel; and now I need detain you no longer."

When Clara reëntered the drawing-room at the vicarage, she found George alone. His face was flushed, and his manner perturbed; he started up, as she came in, with a nervous eagerness very unusual in him. Not a question did he ask as to the result of her expedition; he began at once upon a totally different topic. "My dearest Clara, I am so glad you are returned. This is a matter of the greatest importance. Read this letter; you will soon learn how much depends upon you; and I am happy, indeed, that it is upon you that it depends." He placed an open letter in her hands as he spoke, and Clara read as follows:—

Brampton, April 17.

DEAR SIR—I am most anxious, in circumstances which it must be allowed are somewhat difficult, to act with all the consideration towards yourself which is compatible with justice; and with a strict adherence to that determination with which I have already acquainted you. Common fairness requires that you should be the first person to learn the steps I may resolve upon taking. I have, therefore, to inform you, that, not considering your explanation of the very painful reports alluded to in my last, perfectly satisfactory, I have written to Mr. Middleton, (who, besides being the clergyman of your parish, is an old and highly respected acquaintance of my own,) to say that if he is ready to vouch for your freedom from this pernicious habit, I am ready on my part to appoint you to the vacant professorship. I have the honor to remain, yours sincerely,

RICHARD BROOKES.

* This trait is from life.

Clara looked up wonderingly and full of inquiry. Her brother had scarcely patience to wait till she had finished the letter. "Now, Clara," exclaimed he, "it all depends upon you. Mr. Middleton's conscience, it seems, is very squeamish in these matters; he heartily wishes to serve me, I do believe, but it seems he has made a rule of never becoming responsible for any man on his own assertion merely. But if *you* will assure him that during the time you kept house for me, you had no reason to believe—in short, I suppose you guess what these confounded reports are. Old Brookes has been told that I drank, and it seems he has a vow not to give one of his professorships to any man on whom such an imputation rests. You have only to free me from it, and I am secure. These miserable reports refer to the time that we were together; and Mr. Middleton says that he will pledge himself for me if you will give him your assurance that he may do so. He is in his study. Go to him directly, there's a good girl, for it only wants an hour of post time."

The words were poured forth breathlessly; but Clara stood immovable, clasping her hands together with a look of misery. Then she ran to George's chair, and folding her arms about his neck covered his face with tears and kisses, as if to atone for the pain she was about to inflict. He half pushed her away, saying impatiently, "Come, come, what does this mean?"

"I cannot do it," murmured the sobbing girl; "you *know* I cannot. Oh, my dearest brother, what will become of me!"

George was furious; he affected incredulity, he tried entreaties, protestations, menaces, ridicule. She *could* not be in earnest. Would she ruin her own brother, because some once or twice she had seen him when he had been a little imprudent? And when he said this he positively believed that it was but once or twice, and that her scruples were as absurd as they were unkind. Clara wept to agony, but never wavered. It was, indeed, a martyrdom which had more than the bitterness of death. And this idolized brother parted from her at last with words which burned indelible traces upon her heart—she did not love him—she was his enemy—she had ruined his prospects forever. She felt that she had alienated from her the only heart which she had believed to be entirely her own. She sat down in a kind of desperation, and wrote to Mrs. Bouverie, accepting the situation, and offering to come to her immediately. She did not like to send a servant with the note; she feared to be prevented from sending it at all if she delayed, and yet she felt that it was the only thing to be done. Inaction seemed impossible, and she hurried out with it herself. How she walked those two miles she did not know. Her head ached to distraction, and her thoughts were all bewildered; but she left the note, sealed her own fate, and then set forth again to the vicarage. "I shall be very unhappy, always, all my life," said she to herself; "but George will not care! George will not care!" and the words seemed to strike heavily against her

brain, and ring dizzily in her ears. She held her forehead with her hand, and stood still, wondering if any woe could go beyond what she then felt, and feeling certain that if there were any such sorrow she should be called upon to endure it. She longed for death, for imbecility, for madness; for anything that should obliterate consciousness and destroy the capacity for suffering.

"May I speak to you, dear Miss Capel?" said a gentle voice, at her side; "I have so long wished to see you. Surely, so old a friend as myself has some privilege." And Mr. Archer took her trembling hand in his, and then drew it within his arm, looking earnestly into her face, and adding, "You are ill—is anything fresh amiss? Can I serve you? Pray tell me."

Clara burst into an agony of weeping; and, as soon as she could speak, tried to put aside his questions, but he was not so to be baffled. He persevered till he had drawn from her the history of what had occurred, which she gave with the less reluctance that she knew him to be already aware of George's misconduct. Indeed, it was a hint received from Mr. Archer which had induced Mr. Capel to send Clara to his son. Incoherent and interrupted were her words, but her listener speedily apprehended their meaning. He soothed her with the utmost tenderness, and once more put hope into her desolate heart. He knew Mr. Brookes well, and had, indeed, recommended George to him; he would speak to George, and if he found him properly disposed, (of which he felt no doubt,) he would himself see Mr. Brookes, and endeavor to induce him to accept his (Mr. Archer's) surety for George's future steadiness and good conduct. He entertained no fears. Above all, never let Clara for one moment regret that she had done right in circumstances so painful. She had probably saved her brother, for this lesson would be one that he never could forget. Clara could scarcely express her gratitude. They walked together for some time in silence, her tears flowing quietly and relieving her overstrained nerves. At last he spoke again: "Do you remember a conversation we had, some years ago, about Tennyson's *Love and Duty*?"

She looked up in surprise. Yes, she had not forgotten it.

"You said then," he pursued, "that no woman could feel sure that she was beloved till she was actually told it; and that it was selfishness in a man to keep silence, because, in order to avoid the possible humiliation of a refusal, or the pain of a scene of parting if separation were necessary, he *might* be depriving her (mark I only say *might*) of a certainty which—which—she *might* wish to possess. Clara . . . ! all this while I have loved you!"

There was again a silence, Clara's face hidden in her hands. And so, not absolutely discouraged, Mr. Archer told his history. He had loved her all this while—for her charms, for her faults, for her noble struggle against those faults, for her self-conquest, for *herself*. He believed it impossi-

ble that she should love him ; he had never meant to speak of it. But those words of hers had remained unforgotten ; and, at last, he was doing what, perhaps, he might ever afterwards repent. *Did he repent it ?* He spoke of his defect, he accused himself of presumption, he was ashamed, afraid of what he had done. Reader, did he repent it ?

Oh, how often did Clara Archer, the happy, idolized wife, recur to those days of self-deception when, out of the bitterness of her mortification, in believing that he did not like her, she persuaded herself that she disliked him ! How did she delight to trace the marks of her secret, unsuspected, unacknowledged love, in her irritability towards him, her shyness in his presence, her unsatisfied and morbid cravings after affection, which were, in

truth, so many witnesses to that inner sense which was awake indeed, but unconscious and ungrateful ! How did she, who had so gloried in her self-dependence, glory now, in owing all to him ! Yes, all ! Her happiness, the comfort of her family, (for I need scarcely say that *he* was the anonymous benefactor,) the complete reformation of George, who distinguished himself to her heart's content, as mathematical professor ; and the improvement in her own character, which she verily believed to have been caused, though unconsciously at the time, by her contemplation of his. In her happiness as in her bitter grief, in her weakness as in her strength, in her faults as in her noble qualities, she remained, from first to last—

A VERY WOMAN.

[MORAL IDOLATRY.]

"THE Soul of man, like common Nature, admits no *vacuum* ; if God be not there, Mammon must be ; and it is as impossible to serve neither, as it is to serve both. And for this there is an essential reason in our constitution. For man is designed and born an indigent creature, full of wants and appetites, and a restless desire of happiness, which he can by no means find within himself ; and this indispensably obliges him to seek for his happiness abroad. Now if he seek his happiness from God, he answers the very intention of his frame, and has made a wise choice of an object that is adequate to all his wants and desires. But then if he does not seek his happiness from God, he must necessarily seek it somewhere else ; for his appetites cannot hang long undetermined—they are eager, and must have their quarry : *if he forsake the Fountain of Living Waters, yet he cannot forsake his thirst, and therefore he lies under the necessity of hewing out broken cisterns to himself ;* he must pursue, and at least promise himself satisfaction in other enjoyments. Thus when our hope, our trust, and our expectations abate towards God, they do not abate in themselves, but are only scattered among undue and inferior objects. And this makes the connection infallible between indevotion and moral idolatry ; that is, between the neglect of God's worship, and worshipping the creature : for whatsoever share we abate towards God, we always place upon something else ; and whatsoever thing else we prosecute with that share of love, desire, or complacency, which is due unto God, that is in effect our idol."—*Dean Young's Sermons*, vol. 1, p. 19.

[FASCINATION OF DANGER.]

AT the siege of Gibraltar, Lieutenant Lowe of the 12th regiment, a superintendent of the working parties, lost his leg by a shot, on the slope of the hill under the castle. He saw the shot, before the fatal effect, but was fascinated to the spot. This sudden arrest of the faculties was not uncommon. Several instances occurred to my own observation, where men totally free have had their senses so engaged by a shell in its descent, that though sensible of their danger, even so far as to cry for assistance, they have been immediately fixed to the place. But what is more remarkable, these men have so instantaneously recovered themselves on its fall to the ground, as to remove to a place of safety before the shell burst.—*Drinkwater*, p. 156.

[JACOB BEHMEN'S SECOND RAPTURE.]

WHEN Jacob Behmen was in the twenty-sixth year of his age, he was "enraptured a second time with the light of God, and with the astral spirit of the soul, by means of an instantaneous glance of the eye cast upon a bright pewter dish ;—being the lovely Jovialist shine or aspect, introduced into the innermost ground of the recondite, or hidden nature."—*Okely's Memoirs of Jacob Behmen*.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 63, p. 523.

"This," says the reviewer, "is another instance of that strange mixture of metaphysical and chemical terms to which the ingenuity and learning of Paracelsus, and after him, of our English Fludd, gave some credit. The pewter dish is here represented as the *medium* of the divine influence ; and the light reflected from it is called the *Jovialist* shine, because Jupiter, or Jove, was the astrological or chemical representation of tin, of which metal pewter chiefly consists."

[SOUL AND BODY.]

GREAT Nature she doth cloathe the Soul within
A Flethy Garment which the Fates do spin ;
And when these Garments are grown old and bare,
With sickness torn, Death takes them off with care,
And folds them up in Peace and quiet Rest ;
So lays them safe within an Earthly Chest,
Then scours them and makes them sweet and clean,

Fit for the soul to wear those cloaths again.

Duchess of Newcastle, Poems, p. 135.

NEW APPLICATION OF STEAM.—A new application of the principle of steam has been successfully made during the last eight months. A few words will suffice to indicate it. Water boils and gives off steam at 100 degrees, French scale. Heat the boiler to 800 degrees, and the same quantity of water will give off steam with an expansive power, perhaps fifty times as great. The heat should be always kept just below that at which the water takes the spherical state and gives off no steam at all. A French mechanic has made a small boiler, which, under the great heat above-mentioned, runs powerful machinery. The boiler and engine occupy about one twentieth part of the space occupied by a common boiler of the same power. We need not point out the great utility of this for vessels of all kinds, especially for sea packets, where economy of space is important.

From the Examiner, 25th Aug.

DEFEAT OF THE HUNGARIANS.

WE have on former occasions pointed out the advantages that would have accrued to Europe, and to England in particular, from the victory of the Hungarians, and the maintenance of Hungarian independence. A market would have been opened that would go far to compensate for any diminution of trade in other parts of Europe. A firm barrier against Muscovite aggression would have been established. And a rational constitutional government would have existed in the east of Europe, as a model for neighboring nations.

But we must now contemplate the reverse of the picture. Hungary, it is to be feared, must succumb in the struggle. Could she, as a practically independent state, have had but a few years to develop her enormous material resources, we should have entertained no fears for the result. We should have had full confidence in her being able to cope, single-handed, with any forces that might have been brought against her by the confederated despots of Europe. But as it is, she has been taken by surprise, and forced into a contest for which she was not prepared. At its commencement she was without an army, without generals, and without arms; and, worse than all, her seaports were in the hands of her enemies. What Hungary has accomplished under these disadvantages, what a determined and energetic resistance she has opposed to the united forces of two empires, affords ample evidence of the internal resources, moral and material, which she possesses; and shows how firm a barrier she would have constituted against northern aggression, and how apt a guardian she would have been of western civilization. But the odds against her were such as history has not yet recorded. The Muscovite czar hoped to crush, at one blow, the Hungarian nation and all principles of freedom on the continent; and for this great end, like a desperate gamester, he has played his last stake. Already were his last reserves—the barbarous and uncouth tribes of the Asiatic steppes, armed not with the musket, but with the bow and arrow, Kirgises, Baschkirs, and Calmucks—on their march towards the devoted country. “A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth; the land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness.” Must we add, “Yea, and nothing shall escape them.”

Meanwhile, civilized Europe determined to maintain the attitude of an “impartial spectator,” and to look calmly on while the Hungarians were fighting no less for the liberties of Europe than for their own. But let the Hungarians now be completely crushed, let the great principle of rational self-government once be thoroughly put down, and the system of military despotism predominant over the greater portion of the continent, and lately reinforced by the government of Louis Napoleon, will take root and flourish with more luxuriant growth than ever. This is, and always has been, the very

essence of Russian rule. The bureaucratic system of Austria, Prussia, and France, has shown itself as lamentably insufficient to provide for the wants, as to prevent the disturbances, of the respective populations. In Austria, some years ago, no less than 140,000 officials were employed to govern a population of 21,000,000. In other words, about one man out of every 150 individuals was a permanent policeman, besides extra hands employed on special occasions; and the number was daily increasing. In France, Louis Philippe supposed he should always be able to buy over his political adversaries by the creation of fresh places of honor and emolument. Even in Prussia, where the system shows itself under the most favorable aspect, and where the officials are at least men of education and intelligence, it was a universal complaint that all individual energy had been annihilated, and the welfare of the country sacrificed to routine and paper formulas. But the inefficiency of the system has become thoroughly evident, from the events of the last and the present year; and the real means of governing which the great continental powers at present depend upon, are bayonets and cannon, and the command, by means of a forced conscription, over the population who are to be trained to use those bayonets and cannon against their fellow-citizens.

Such is the system now predominant. It stands out in all its naked deformity. It is no less the instrument of a President of a republic than of an Autocrat of all the Russias. We, in this fortunate country, find some difficulty in realizing to ourselves the exact state of things that is understood by a state of siege. Accustomed as we are to the equitable rule of law, we can hardly picture to ourselves the arbitrariness and brutality of martial sway. We perfectly agree with the *Times*, in an article of Monday last, that “the control of armed power and military authority is a bad substitute for established laws and civil justice;” but we cannot admit that “in many parts of Europe the armies alone have saved society, and saved whatever remains of freedom.” The evils of seditious turbulence are at the worst but transitory; those of military despotism are permanent and enduring. They are destructive not merely of freedom for the moment, but all hopes of freedom hereafter. but, in point of fact, on which side has terrorism been found? What excesses have anywhere been committed by the people at all comparable to the atrocities of Haynau, or even to the Prussian executions by court-martial? On this subject we have valuable testimony in the accounts that have from time to time appeared in moderate German papers; and above all in that Diary of Auerbach concerning the events of last October at Vienna, of which a translation was recently published, enabling the English reader to form a correct opinion concerning the present condition and future prospects of Central Europe. Auerbach is not at all disposed to believe that armies “have alone saved society, and saved whatever remains of freedom.” His re-

flections on the closing of the diet after the capture of Vienna by Prince Windischgrätz are of a different character.

The diet closed by the troops! all the boasted liberty of the people is illusory and an empty cheat, so long as the soldiery are held in constant readiness to cut short the debates with violence at any moment. In all the movements in Germany, therefore, the chief object of attack is the military power. We have been, and are still, kept in thralldom by this power. Notwithstanding all the professions of attachment and good faith, of the common interests of the people and the princes, the power of the princes is still supported by bayonets, and the popular spirit is everywhere subjected and kept under by force of arms.—The state has abandoned its proper centre of gravity in the diet, and transferred it to the army. The struggle will now begin anew.

Pending that sure recommencement of the struggle, we shall have an opportunity of observing how far the new theory of foreign policy adopted by a large section of the mercantile classes in this country, and their oracles the *Times* and Lord Aberdeen, is a sound one; whether, as they assert, England ought to hold herself aloof, whatever infractions of international law may be committed by other states, and not even to raise her voice in remonstrance, lest she should incur the hostility of some powerful sovereign. We shall learn by experience (may the lesson not be taught too late!) whether the traditional policy of England, which watched with a keen eye and upheld with a firm hand the balance of power in Europe—the policy of Cromwell, of William the Third, and of Chatham—is, as we are informed by these modern luminaries, an unnecessary interference in affairs which do not concern us, and an excess of precaution against imaginary dangers from which our insular position already sufficiently protects us. For our own part, we may perhaps, until this new-fangled doctrine shall have been confirmed by experience, be permitted to entertain some doubts respecting it. We may question whether, even on a mere calculation of profit and loss, the balance would not have been in favor of a system which should have encouraged the establishment of constitutional governments and opposed the extension of restrictive tariffs, the usual concomitants of despotic rule; which should have maintained the dignity of England, even at the risk of a depression of some eighths per cent. in the funds; and by which she would have discharged the duty in our judgment imposed by Providence on those to whom power is entrusted, the duty of watching over, advocating and enforcing the rights of the weak. It may be that the conquest of Hungary, and the establishment of Russian predominance in the east of Europe, will not be followed immediately by the closing of the Bosphorus to British commerce; it may be that Hamburg will not share the fate of Cracow; and that an European war will not be produced by an attempt on the part of Austria, supported by Russian bayonets, to reestablish her supremacy in Germany. But we must not forget

that a nation is permitted, as little as an individual, to violate duties with impunity; and that for the one, as for the other, a day of retribution, it may be late or it may be early, will assuredly arrive.

From the Spectator, 25 Aug.

HUNGARY—CANADA—WEST INDIES—INDIA.

HUNGARY succumbs to Russia. The war is at an end; and, for the moment, a thorough frustration appears to have finished the revolutionary movement of 1848. Reaction, more or less pronounced, is everywhere in the ascendant—in Rome, Paris, Prussia, Hungary; in every quarter. But the nature, objects, and prospects of the reaction, are not clearly to be described. We only know that they vary in every quarter.

From letters published by the Austrian papers as the intercepted correspondence of Kossuth with Bem, it appears that the Magyars had for some time been reduced to the greatest straits, especially for the want of money. At last Kossuth is induced to resign the dictatorship; Görgey is appointed, and he makes his submission to Prince Paskiewicz. Russia is the conquering "mediator" between Austria and the kingdom which was maintaining its old constitutional forms with the sword. A letter in the *Times*, on "the common sense of the Hungarian question"—in which an attempt is made, with considerable effect, to show that the Hungarian claim to independence by prescription is vitiated by the Turkish occupation—looks so much like a "feeler," that it would not be surprising if Lord Palmerston were to put forth a suggestion for absorbing Hungary into Austria, with some guarantees for respect to her nationality, and for constitutional freedom under a federation like that drawn up by Count Stadion. Meanwhile, the unconquered Magyars have been conquered and have yielded. So much for "spirited protests," or succors from Notting Hill and Marylebone.

One report is momentous if true—Russia is to be paid for her services by the cession of an Austrian port in the Mediterranean! Such a gift could not be regarded by Western Europe with indifference. Not only would Russia have "turned" Turkey and the Slavonian provinces on which she casts so greedy an eye, but the great representative of old absolutism would thus have established an outpost in the most important part of Europe. What will she please to have next? a port on the Atlantic—on the coast of France or Spain?

Italy is, and may well be alarmed. Reaction is rampant in Rome; where the Pope's commissioners are playing such antics as cannot fail to keep open the memories of the shortlived republic. Radetzky moves towards Venice; whose continued holding out is a marvel. Mazzini sits in council at Geneva, watching events. Hope rests in the fact that absolutism, though partially restored, is really weak and worn out—too far superannuated to be even discreet. But if Russia, the champion of absolutism, were established

in the Adriatic, the old spirit of tyranny, however antiquated and insane, would be strengthened with a barbaric strength, and the work of the last two centuries at least would have to be done over again. It cannot be. If for no other reason, France will have to retrace the steps of her policy in Italy. And our own diplomatists should understand what they are doing.

Meanwhile, the Peace Society has assembled in convention at Paris, to preach the efficacy of moral resistance and the virtue of arbitration. Good things, which have been advocated long, especially since the Christian dispensation, as yet so little obeyed, which enjoined men to think less of Judaic forms, and to "love one another." The commandment to do no murder is still defied, both on a small and on a large scale; and we still require the police to defend us, both on a small and on a large scale. M. Victor Hugo's able but rhetorical sermon is only a few pages added to whole libraries of such literature. The acutest of the pacificators, like Mr. Cobden and the Archbishop of Paris, only give a qualified adhesion. If, however, the Peace Society has some new and substantive doctrine, some influence by which it can supersede the use of war, let it be tried on the spot; let the society ask France, into whose capital it is so politely welcomed, to withdraw the most gratuitous and vain of all warlike expeditions, that to Rome; let it ask Russia and Austria to waive their victory over the Hungarians; let it ask Russia to forego an outpost on the Mediterranean, needless if peace and arbitration are to rule the world.

The advices from the British dependencies are not hopeful for the permanence of tranquillity and concord. In Canada, the British League has completed its session, and has sent home a manifesto, the sum of which is, that the "British" party in Canada regretfully hankers after commercial protection in the tariff of the English customs, and to counteract the "factious" operations of the French Canadians desires a confederation of the Provinces in British North America. In what respect such a measure could *materially* benefit the colonies, is not very clear. By the analogy of the neighboring Union, the Colonial Congress would have jurisdiction over customs, navigation, waste lands, the composition of the central legislature, and some other matters, which would all, no doubt, be modified by the peculiarities of the colonies and their relation to this country; but in any case the pride of the "British" party would be solaced, because they would become the leading section of an immense British majority in the central Parliament, instead of being a minority in the Parliament of United Canada. That is probably the paramount object of the British League.

Invited to join the league, New Brunswick has astutely established a league of its own, to correspond with the other and watch New Brunswick interests. The Atlantic Province seems not averse from federation, but equally disinclined to

enter it on terms merely dictated by Upper Canada.

The West Indian colonies exhibit a continuance of the same discontented not to say disaffected spirit which is growing habitual to them. In British Guiana, Mr. Barkly maintained his tone of quiet firmness, but had not escaped a severe lecture from the Combined Court; and his partial "reform" is met by a cry for a total change in the constitution of the colony, with two chambers, one wholly elective.

In India, Gholab Singh has excited such grave suspicions of his fealty, that Lord Dalhousie has demanded the surrender of all his guns; he replies, that his soldiers won't let them be given up, but that the British may come and take them. The worst of it is, that this pretext is probably true; for in the Sikh territories the soldiery really dictate, except while their chiefs keep the lead by superior ambition and energy. Sikh chiefs *must* let their soldiers fight, and it is quite possible that Gholab Singh cannot be true to his British allegiance if he would—quite as possible that he has no great wish to be so, if he can play the traitor with safety or probability of advantage. Of course, he will be put down—in spite of the Peace Society!

The trial of Moolraj, Dewan of Moulton, for complicity in the murder of Lieutenant Anderson and Mr. Agnew, has the same political element in a form which may become peculiarly interesting. His defence implies that he was acting under the compulsion of terror, taking the part he did in fear of his soldiery. This is one more of many circumstances which indicate the necessity of effectually breaking up and dispersing a military power that too much resembles the Praetorian bands or the Mamelukes, a military force independent of any soil or political bonds, acting solely for its own military interests.

COLONIAL POLICY.

TRADITION says that Queen Mary died of grief for the loss of Calais: how would Queen Victoria take the loss of her colonies? Such a result is not impossible. On the first blush of the thing it does seem incredible that this mighty empire, "upon which the sun never sets," should go to pieces, and signalize the commencement of its downward career by imitating the dismemberment of the Spanish and Portuguese empires; but such things have been, and England herself has lost one colonial dominion. The idea of independence is becoming familiarized to colonists in various quarters; and several English statesmen, actuated by indifference or the fatalism of official routine, studiously and avowedly contemplate the ultimate separation of the colonies. The "old English" notion of maintaining the integrity of the empire has succumbed before the philosophy of the Manchester school, which can respect nothing that is not vindicated by the direct profit and loss account in a money value.

Thus there is no influence opposed to the disintegrating process which is at work in the colonies themselves. It is not to be denied that in all directions the ties are considerably loosened. The Orange party of Canada West is making an organized demand for commercial protection and a federal union of the provinces as a means of overwhelming the Franco-Canadian majority: but whatever may come of that movement, "annexation" will be the policy of the opposition in Canada: if federation answer the purpose of the Orangemen, the Franco-Canadians and British liberals will look to overcome it by annexation; if federation fail the Orangemen, they will look to annexation; material interest points to annexation; the official trifling with the colony converts loyal regard into vexation and dislike; the seclusion of Lord Elgin, apparently in fear of popular outrage, brings the monarchy which he represents into contempt. The Canadians have poor inducements to loyalty. The Cape of Good Hope is so exasperated by being mocked with a pretence of free institutions and a reality of convictism, forced upon the colony by a breach of faith, that it would do little to defend itself against the occupation of any foreign power: let Canada break loose, and the Cape would not long remain bound. The Australians have the advantages of distance from the metropolis, great activity, and cultivated political ideas: let Australia see the North American federation break loose, and the Australasian federation would soon be independent. And all our other colonies gone, would the aggrieved and injured West Indies alone remain faithful?

In one sense, three alternatives appear to exhaust the prospect of eventualities: to continue as we are; to commence the work of separation by the annexation of Canada to the American Union; to supersede the motives to such annexation by improving the relation of the colonies to the United Kingdom.

To continue as we are is manifestly impossible. In most of our colonies there are grievances wholly unsettled, provoking new exasperations, and inflicting a continuance of material injury; it is so with the fast and loose free-trade policy exercised towards Canada; the political and *penal* treatment of the Cape; the treatment of the labor question in the West Indies. In all those colonies the sense of injury is too material, and too exasperating, while in all of them the intellectual activity is too great to permit a passive sufferance of the actual policy. Some of our present rulers avowedly contemplate dismemberment: we tell them that it is not distant; we tell Queen Victoria that her reign may see it begun.

Separation, beginning with North American annexation, is not only possible, but highly probable, considering the motives already mentioned, and the official indifference. But how it would be possible to maintain the rank of England in the scale of nations when she had been stripped of her colonies, or how whig optimists and Manchester economists could reconcile the sovereign and

people of England to the "dismemberment of the empire," we do not foresee.

To improve the colonial relation, therefore, is the alternative that ought to be earnestly considered. Some broad principles, possessing unity in themselves, but capable of diverse application, should be settled. It seems quite possible to do that. To limit and define the matters which must be reserved for the imperial authority, is the first essential—sovereignty, foreign relations, ubiquity and inviolability of British citizenship. All other matters may be safely surrendered to the colonies, to govern according to local knowledge and the varying necessities of varying latitudes. Under the present system, federation can do nothing for the colonies which they cannot attain separately; but it might greatly facilitate a reformed organization of the colonial empire. Every group must, in some degree, acquire its own nationality: in character, the West Indian, the North American, the South African, and the Australian, differ as much from each other as they do from the home-keeping Englishman. That distinct nationality ought to be respected in the spirit as well as the letter of the new colonial constitution. By bringing to bear upon the government of the colonies grouped into federations all the resources of the empire, it would be possible to excite stronger sympathies than ever—ambition for official promotion, the more attractive if it were carried through an ascending scale; love of honors, the greater if they were recognized at home; affection for the monarchy, if that were reciprocally represented in every part of the colony by colonists, and accessible to the colonists by deputy in the metropolis.

This policy would scarcely be an innovation; it would only be to extend to our colonies proper the spirit of a policy already pursued towards foreign dependencies like the Ionian Islands and India. And we have, it is alleged, even in the present cabinet, a statesman susceptible of development to any exaltation of statesmanship. Here then is a task for him: as a compensation for setting Europe by the ears, he may restore our colonial relations and consolidate the integrity of the empire—which is now imperilled by the very colleague that declined to sit in council with one reputed so destructive!—*Ibid.*

From the Examiner, 25 August.

THE COMMON SENSE OF THE HUNGARIAN QUESTION.

It is a gallant and noble thing to trample upon a fallen nation. We may expect that the reverses of the Hungarian arms will be followed up by attacks upon the Hungarian character. Already this has been begun by the writer of an article in Thursday's *Times*, headed as above. The writer professes to have resided on various occasions in Hungary, and to have carefully studied Hungarian history and political geography. If this is the case he has done so to little purpose.

He says, "the ultra Magyars wished to drive the Croats and Tschechs by force into a foreign nationality;" and proceeds to assert, that "the unjustifiably violent methods used by them are indisputable. The flogging of peasantry that refused the change of language in public worship; the innumerable cases of forcible interference between parent and child, in the matter of education; the refusal of the Magyar censors to allow the Tschechs any newspaper whatever, in their mother tongue; are all too incontestable to be effaced from the page of history."

Now it happens that there are no Tschechs in Hungary. The writer, doubtless, means the Slovacks, who belong to the same great Slave branch as the Tschechs of Bohemia. But, letting this pass, we may ask why, instead of vague charges, he does not produce at least one single fact bearing upon these charges. Such similar accusations as have been made in German papers have been invariably refuted. As for Magyar censorship, the notion of such a thing is most ridiculous. The censorship in Hungary was in the hands of the government, and consequently anti-Magyar; and it was always the policy of that government to fan the jealousies which existed in Hungary, as they do everywhere else, between races speaking a different language.

It is false to date the occupation of the greater part of Hungary by the Turks from the battle of Mohacs. After that battle, Solyman withdrew without occupying a single village of the realm. Whatever he and his successors acquired, was gained from sovereigns of the house of Hapsburg. After Austria had been saved by Sobieski, the Austrian arms made progress in Hungary, and gradually the Hungarian kingdom was reextended to its present limits; but Hungary could never, according to any maxim of national law, have been considered a conquered province by the house of Hapsburg. The election of each Hapsburg sovereign was accompanied by a solemn oath on his part to respect the liberties and independence of the realm; and when, in 1687, the crown was rendered hereditary in that family, (consequently after the time from which the writer of the letter dates the commencement of the constitution in Hungary,) an equally solemn oath was taken to the same effect by the heir Joseph I., who was crowned in the lifetime of his father Leopold; and has been repeated by every one of the hereditary sovereigns since that time, with the exception of Joseph II.—who is, therefore, always counted an usurper.

But it seems that Austria "rendered Hungary *de jure* an independent kingdom, but *de facto* married to Austria, by the imperial and royal armies forming one corps under the War Office of Vienna." This the writer of the article asserts; and does not perceive that by so doing he shows, in its strongest colors, the perfidy of the house of Hapsburg. For 165 years, according to this calculation, the house of Hapsburg admitted by solemn oaths the *de jure* independence of Hungary, while she was doing all in her power *de facto* to

render that independence a nullity. Of course, as long as the house of Hapsburg could send Hungarian regiments to Italy, and garrison Hungary with Bohemian and Italian troops, her independence was in a most precarious condition. The Hungarians were fully justified in demanding a separate ministry of war, without which there could be no permanent security for their liberties. Such was the opinion of that great man, Count Szechenyi, whose name has been pressed into the service of absolutism in a way that he would be the first to repudiate if Providence should be pleased to restore his faculties, and who himself took office, by the side of Kossuth, in a constitutional ministry formed upon those principles.

The curious ascending scale of civilization in rural Hungary, according to this writer's views, is one that will hardly bear the test of inquiry. It must be indeed a very strange taste that would prefer the condition of the military frontier to that of any part of civil Hungary. In most parts of the Banat there are local advantages which will account for its flourishing condition, without seeking any such cause as that of its having been longest under imperial civil administration. But villages could be pointed out in the Banat as wretched as any that are to be found in any other part of Hungary; and villages could also be named in other parts of Hungary that would do credit to the Banat. With regard to passable roads and bridges, smiling villages and neat cottages, the best-informed travellers have been able to discover them in Hungary without ascending the Save, Drave, or Danube, into Styria, Austria, and the Tyrol.

If the Hungarian reform bills were passed only at the eleventh hour, it was solely because, since 1832, they have met with a most determined resistance on the part of the Austrian government. The present war in Hungary cannot be said, according to any known and familiar application of language, to have begun in preventing a repeal of the union; for no union ever existed except according to this newly-fangled, far-fetched, *de facto* interpretation. But a union *did* exist, and had existed for eight centuries, between Hungary and Croatia, which the house of Hapsburg attempted by the most perfidious means to dissolve.

As for the supposition that Austria will introduce any system but that of absolutism, it is too childish to be worth answering. The essence of the Austrian system of government is to govern by a complicated mechanism of salaried officials. The charter of Count Stadion makes no provision for any real self-government, and can only be forced upon the various peoples that inhabit the Austrian territories at the point of the bayonet.

The fruits of the great crime of the annihilation of Hungarian independence will be reaped by Russia. The Austrian emperor is henceforth the vassal of the czar, dependent upon Russian bayonets for protection against his subjects. Russia will bide her time. She will wait till the fruit is ripe, and the provinces fall first under her influence, and then under her dominion. The last barrier is swept away between Russia and Turkey.

PEACE ASSOCIATION.

ONE of the most peculiar, useful, and glorious political habits of Englishmen, is that of associating for a certain end; of forming a body which is to receive funds, appoint officers, become what foreigners call a *propaganda*, and meet in public to instruct the public, and encourage each other by expressions of feeling and of eloquence, or by argumentative discourses, destined to spread conviction through the press. These means of peaceful and argumentative agitation form one of the noblest products of our free constitution. And it requires a country of much steadiness and wisdom in the practice of freedom to enjoy such an institution without the certainty of its being abused. Other countries have been more free than England, at least in the theory of their charters. But none, save the United States, have ever been able to enjoy the benefit of political associations—and it may be doubted whether, in the United States, it is not grossly abused and turned to evil.

There are, however, more ways than one of neutralizing, or bringing into discredit the power of association. It may be turned, for example, into treason; at a time, too, when all the objects to be obtained by the most successful treason are to be obtained by constitutional and pacific efforts. This is the Irish and the French way of destroying or annulling the right of association. There is also another way—for instance, that of employing the grave extreme of political association for idle, for trifling, or for needless purposes. There are associations which we could name, got up with no higher aim than merely to kill the leisure or gratify the vanity of individuals. The efforts of some single person, who has marked out himself as the paid secretary, who has succeeded in becoming such, and whose activity perpetuates the association for no better reason and to no greater end, have sufficed in a majority of cases to originate them.

Of these trifling associations, however, there are fortunately but few and unimportant. Public opinion does justice by them. There are others which have filled the world with their success and their fame, which have enlisted all that was generous, liberal, able, and eloquent in their ranks, which have overwhelmed the public with their appeals, nay more, which have beat down powerful opposition, even that of the prevailing political party, and which have won their way despite of every obstacle in Parliament, and every hesitation on the part of the most practical and eminent men. Such was the Anti-Slave-Trade Association. Yet what have been its results? Glorious some, but doubtful others. For it disdained to attempt less than the utter destruction of abuses, which an association of less power and zeal might more wisely have remained content with the resolution to mitigate and correct.

Since the palmy days of the Anti-Slave-Trade Association, we have had those of the Anti-Corn-Law League, one of the most just, most noble, and most

ably-worked agitations, that any country has seen. Its very success, and the political elevation of all engaged in it, has tempted a variety of able and of liberal men to institute similar associations without well considering whether the aim justifies such means, and whether the very principles and habits of political association may not be weakened by its application to unfit objects.

The Peace Association, whose congress at Paris now attracts public attention, is certainly one of the boldest yet attempted, since its sphere is not merely confined to England, but extends all over Europe. We may, nevertheless, doubt if its members are quite conscious of the degree of political boldness necessary to the right discharge of their self-appointed functions. They must beware, that for the sake of tolerance or favor they are not led to flatter princes and make light of popular interests. That may be the path of peace and toleration to them, but it is not so for the great mass of the people whom they would relieve. Preach mutual peace to France and to England. None will gainsay it. For what possible good or right would come of a war between the two countries? But will you at the same time and in the same breath preach peace to Poland, and to Hungary, and to Italy? What can peace mean, in an exhortation to the people of these countries, but submission? If the Peace Association preach that, it will be justly despised. On the other hand, to preach justice, mercy, and truth, in respect of popular rights, to a Czar of Russia or an Emperor of Austria, is a mission more for a war society than for one of peace. Is not, indeed, the new holy alliance a war congress in direct opposition to that of peace? Does it not found its right and permanence upon bayonets and bayonets only? Is not the very principle of the new league of government, to which France has disgracefully adhered, the maxim that the army is the true and only support of government, and that the one half or one third of the male population should be kept idle, in arms, in uniform, and in pay, in order to support a chief governor and a dozen politicians in the task of coercing the rest.

Armies, in fact, are now avowedly kept for the purposes of police, and not only for police at home, but abroad. Russia would invade Hungary and govern Poland. Austria has stipulated to do the same by Bavaria. The King of Prussia is the great police magistrate of Germany. What is Louis Napoleon but a general of gendarmerie, not only for his own purposes in France, but to do the cardinals' bidding in Rome? If it is this power of mutual oppression that the association whose congress has met in Paris purposes to abet, then give us a war and resistance association, as something more frank, more manly, and more for the interest of humanity at present, and of permanent peace for the future.

The wars now prevailing in Europe are those of dynasties against nationalities. We doubt its being in the power or within the scope of the Peace Society either to persuade dynasties to give

up those nations which abhor them, or to persuade nationalities to forget what is most riveted in the popular affections. The only solid basis on which to establish peace, would be the allowance to each nationality to develop itself according to its nature and its tendencies. Let there be a French, a German, an Italian, a Slavonian, and a Russian empire. Each would be too strong to fear the other, each too content to desire conquest. But the will of the nation in these and other things should prevail over the interests and caprices of a dynasty. A dynasty is warlike. A developed nation is never so, unless when provoked or oppressed.

FALL OF ROME.

[The following private letter has lately been published in England. We copy it from the New York Tribune. It is a good commentary upon the late events, and—like everything he has done or written—is honorable to Mazzini.]

Rome has fallen! It is a great crime and a great error. The crime belongs entirely to France; the error to civilized Europe, and above all to your England. I say to your England, for in the three questions which are now at issue at Rome, and which it is vain to attempt to stifle by brute force, England appears to me, and did appear to us all, to be especially concerned. Three questions,—the question of principle, of international right, of European morality—the political question, properly so called, the balance of power in Europe, influence to be preserved or obtained—and the religious question,—all were, in fact, raised already in Rome before the entrance of the French. The question of principle is, thank God, sufficiently clear. A population of more than two millions of men having peacefully, solemnly, and legally chosen, through a constitutional Assembly, regularly elected, a form of government, is deprived of it by foreign violence, and forced again to submit to the power which had been abolished; and that without that population having furnished the slightest pretext for such violence, or made the slightest attempt against the peace of neighboring countries.

The calumnies which have been for months systematically circulated against our republic, are of little importance; it was necessary to defame those whom it had been determined to destroy. But I affirm that the republic voted almost unanimously by the Assembly, had the general and spontaneous approbation of the country; and of this the explicit declaration of almost all the municipalities of the Roman States voluntarily renewed at the time of the French invasion, without any initiative on the part of the Roman government, is a decisive proof. I affirm that with the exception of Ancona, where the triumvirate were obliged energetically to repress certain criminal acts of political vengeance, the republican cause was never sullied by the slightest excess; that never was there any censorship assumed over the press before the siege, never did the occasion

arise for exercising it during the siege; not a single condemnation to death or exile bore witness to a severity which it would have been our right to have exercised, but which the perfect unanimity which reigned among all the elements of the state rendered useless.

I affirm that, except in the case of three or four priests, who had been guilty of firing upon our combatants, and who were killed by the people during the last days of the siege, not a single act of personal violence was committed by any fraction of the population against another, and that if ever there was a town presenting the spectacle of a band of brothers pursuing a common end, and bound together by the same faith, it was Rome under the republican rule. The city was inhabited by foreigners from all parts of the world, by the consular agents, by many of your countrymen; let any one of them arise, and under the guarantee of his own signature, deny, if he can, the truth of what I say. Terror now reigns in Rome; the prisons are choked with men who have been arrested and detained without trial; fifty priests are confined in the Castle of St. Angelo, whose only crime consists in their having lent their services in our hospitals; the citizens the best known for their moderation are exiled; the army is almost entirely dissolved, the city disarmed, and the "factious" sent away even to the last man; and yet France dares not consult in a legal manner the will of the populations, but re-establishes the Papal authority by military decree.

I do not believe that, since the dismemberment of Poland, there has been committed a more atrocious injustice, a more gross violation of the eternal right which God has implanted in the people—that of appreciating and defining for themselves their own life, and governing themselves in accordance with their own appreciation of it. And I cannot believe that it is well for you or for Europe that such things can be accomplished in the eyes of the world without one nation arising out of its immobility to protest in the name of universal justice. This is to enthrone brute force where, by the power of reason, God alone should reign—it is to substitute the sword and poniard for law—to decree a ferocious war without limit of time or means between oppressors rendered suspicious by their fears, and the oppressed abandoned to the instincts of reaction and isolation. Let Europe ponder upon these things. For if the light of human morality becomes but a little more obscured, in that darkness there will arise a strife that will make those who come after us shudder with dread.

The balance of power in Europe is destroyed. It consisted formerly in the support given to the smaller states by the great powers; now they are abandoned. France in Italy, Russia in Hungary, Prussia in Germany, a little later perhaps in Switzerland; these are now the masters of the continent. England is thus made a nullity; the "celsâ sedet Eolus in arce," which Canning

delighted to quote, to express the moderating function which he wished to reserve for his country, is now a meaningless phrase. Let not your preachers of the theory of material interests, your speculators upon extended markets, deceive themselves; there is history to teach them that political influence and commercial influence are closely bound together. Political sympathies hold the key of the markets; the tariff of the Roman republic will appear to you, if you study it, to be a declaration of sympathy toward England to which your government has not thought it necessary to respond.

And yet, above the question of right, above the question of political interest, both of which were of a nature to excite early the attention of England, there is, as I have said, another question being agitated at Rome of a very different kind of importance, and which ought to have aroused all those who believe in the vital principle of religious reformation—it is that of liberty of conscience. The religious question, which broods at the root of all political questions, showed itself there great and visible in all its European importance. The Pope at Gaeta was the theory of absolute infallible authority exiled from Rome forever; and exiled from Rome was to be exiled from the world. The abolition of the temporal power evidently drew with it, in the minds of all those who understood the secret of the papal authority, the emancipation of men's minds from the spiritual authority. The principle of liberty and of free consent, elevated by the Constituent Assembly into a living, active right, tended rapidly to destroy the absolutist dogma which from Rome aims more than ever to enchain the universe.

The high aristocracy of the Roman Catholic clergy well know the impossibility of retaining the soul in darkness, in the midst of light inundating the intelligences of men; for this reason they carried off their Pope to Gaeta; for this reason they now refuse all compromise. They know that any compromise would be fatal to them; that they must reënter as conquerors, or not at all. And in the same way that the aristocracy of the clergy felt this inseparability of the two powers, the French government, in its present reactionary march, has felt that the keystone of despotism is at Rome—that the ruin of the spiritual authority of the middle ages was the ruin of its own projects—and that the only method of securing to it a few more years of existence, was to rebuild for it a temporal domination.

England has understood nothing of this. She has not understood what there was of sublime and prophetic in this cry of emancipation—in this protestation in favor of human liberty, issuing from the very heart of ancient Rome, in the face of the Vatican. She has not felt that the struggle in Rome was to cut the Gordian knot of moral servitude, against which she has long and vainly opposed her biblical societies, her Christian and evangelical alliances; and that there was being opened, had she but extended a sisterly hand to

the movement, a mighty pathway for the human mind. She has not understood that one bold word, "respect for the liberty of thought," opposed to the hypocritical language of the French government, would have been sufficient to inaugurate the era of a new religious policy, and to conquer for herself a decisive ascendancy upon the continent.

Is England beginning to understand these things? You answer me, Yes. I doubt it. Political and religious indifference appears to me to have taken too deep a root with you to be conquered by anything short of those internal crises which become more and more inevitable. But if it be true that the unequal struggle which has been maintained for two months at Rome has borne fruits—if it be true that you begin to understand all that there is of brutal in the league of four powers against the awakening of the Eternal City—all that there is of grand and fruitful for humanity in this cry of country and liberty, rising from among the ruins of the capital—all that there would be of noble, of generous, of profitable for England in responding to this cry, as to that of a sister toward whom a debt of gratitude is owed—you can still do us a great good. You may console—this you have always done—the exile of our combatants, whom the French government tears from their homes, poor, mistaken souls, who dreamed of the fraternity of France, in utter physical destitution and in despair of mind. You can save for us these spirits by preserving them from the attacks of doubt and of unmeasured reaction. You can, by your press, by the voice of your meetings, fix upon the forehead of the French republic the mark of Cain; upon the front of Rome the glory of a martyrdom, which contain the promise of victory; you can give to Europe the consciousness that Italy is being born anew, and to Italy a redoubled faith in herself. You may do more.

The Roman question is far from being resolved. France finds herself placed between the necessity of giving way to a new insurrection, and that of prolonging indefinitely the occupation by her troops; thus changing intervention into conquest. Assemble yourselves, associate yourselves, organize a vast agitation for the political and religious independence of the people; and say to your government, that honor, duty, and the future of England demand that her flag shall not hang idly in atheistic immobility, amid the continued violation of the principle which it represents; that France has not the right to dispose of the Roman States as she pleases; that the will of the Roman people ought to be expressed, and that it cannot be freely expressed while four hostile armies are encamped upon its territories. Call upon France to fulfil her promises. We could not admit—we, the elected of the people—that they should be called upon to express a second time what they had already peacefully, completely, and in the most unfettered manner, declared. We could not commit suicide upon ourselves in our most sacred

right. But, since violence has annihilated the consequences of its exercise, it is for you now to recall France to its engagements, and to say to her: "All that you are about to do is null and illegal, if the will of the population is not consulted." And if your government remain silent—if France pursues her career of violence—then it is for you, the people, to aid us, you men of justice and liberty, in the struggle. With or without the aid of the people we will re-commence this struggle. We cannot, we will not, sacrifice our future, and the destinies toward which we are called by God, to the caprices of egotism and of blind force. But the assistance of the people may spare us many bloody sacrifices, much reactionary violence, that we, men of order and peace, have striven to avoid, but which, in the powerlessness of exile, we may not be able to prevent. * * *

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

August 6, 1849.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. WALSH'S LETTER, 15TH AUGUST, TO THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

THE Paris insurgents, made prisoners in the four days of June, 1848, who were sent to the hulks in the ports of France, and to be transported to Cayenne and Tahiti, are now destined to Algeria. Their number, originally, was upwards of twelve thousand. It is a lucky escape for Tahiti.

It is said that the Jews of Buda, the old Hungarian capital, have announced their intention to emigrate to the American Union.

The French government is stated to be reorganizing the army of the Alps, as if not quite easy on the Italian question.

The recent speech of M. de Falloux, the Minister of Public Instruction, may be pronounced the finest specimen of oratory furnished in the Legislative Assembly during its session of a hundred days. I refer to his reply to M. Jules Favre's declamation about the affair at Rome. It is distinguished by philosophical elevation and force; novel and striking historical views of the pope-dom, and a broad flow of beautiful diction. The president of the Assembly, when de Falloux was violently interrupted by the Mountain, turned towards the brawlers, and said, "Learn at least to respect the ability of the orator; we should all listen to what does honor to us all." The lesson is good for every debating body, and the compliment was both happy and well merited in this instance. If de Falloux should continue in public life, his general powers, his resolute spirit, his literary advantages, his rich and fluent elocution, his engaging person and address, will place him on a high eminence. He was born in 1811. If not as a poet, he may yet, as a prose writer, a public speaker, and a statesman, outstrip Lamartine.

There is an affinity between the present phase of this continent, and that of the first years of the old French Revolution, which, in my view, ren-

ders applicable, or *quotable*, the language of Burke, in his masterly epistle to the Empress of Russia, dated in 1791:

Madam, your glory will be complete, if, after having given peace to Europe by your moderation, you shall bestow stability on all its governments by your vigor and decision. The debt which your imperial majesty's august predecessors have contracted to the ancient manners of Europe, by means of which they civilized a vast empire, will be nobly repaid by preserving those manners from the hideous change with which they are now menaced. By the intervention of Russia the world will be preserved from barbarism and ruin.

Some of your readers may be startled, and even indignant, at this my addition—that the repression of anarchy, the restoration and rescue of political order—the safety of civilization itself—may yet be the work of Russia. Distrust is banished from my mind, by the character, the declarations, and the very obvious interests of Czar Nicholas. Respectfully to utter what we believe to be the truth, is the best homage which can be rendered to real dignity in the sovereign people, or any other sovereign, or at any bar.

The number recently issued of the Bulletin of the Paris Geographical Society contains a notice by M. Jomard, in six pages, of Lieutenant Lynch's Expedition to the Dead Sea; also, from the same savant, some pages on the discovery of an ancient city near San Louis de Potosi. He had often expressed the opinion that the "*Maya* language would furnish the key of the *Katouns*—that is, of the groups of figures and characters which abound in the admirable monuments of Palenque and Yucatan."

In the United States how much rancorous invective, malignant humor, violent passion, fretful impatience or testiness, is lost in the immensity of space, and the very latitude of universal freedom, and public conscious security. Not so here, in a population of twelve hundred thousand, within a circumference of twenty leagues. Any spark may kindle a conflagration.

The smugglers in Spain are now estimated at sixty thousand. At the end of the last century, Count Florida Blanc computed them at one hundred thousand.

The Berlin *Triple Union* has been recognized by all the northern, central, and western states of Germany. Bavaria and Wurtemberg are not indispensable to its success.

The best informed observers in Germany think it probable that the governments of Bavaria and Wurtemberg will ere long accede to the Prusso-Germanic constitution, as a security against internal dangers.

Martial law being withdrawn for Paris, several of the suppressed journals, *La Reforme* at the head, have reappeared. The *National* and *La Presse*, which were spared, but obliged to curb their animosities, are now giving loose to them in the most rancorous and vindictive spirit. Extremely rigorous and reaching as the new code of

the press may be deemed, it will be found insufficient for its purposes. This is manifest, from the fresh experience of only a few days.

De Lesseps, the late French envoy at Rome, arraigned before the council of state at Paris, has included in his defensive memoir, to that tribunal, some curious particulars of the attempt of the American charge d'affaires, to mediate between the French commander and the Roman rulers.

It is my intention to report to you, in some detail, the whole Lesseps case. His copious memoir possesses historical interest; it discloses a singular game between the French ministers, on one hand, and a semi-envoy plenipotentiary on the other; the one having ends which they wished to veil, and selecting an agent whose political predilections and associations might serve as a blind; the other, exerting himself, while he believed the ministry strong, according to the sense in which he supposed they wished him to act; but, as soon as he learned that the Constituent Assembly disavowed, and voted an order of the day to rectify, the proceedings of the military expedition, turning short round, violating his instructions, conceding everything to the rulers of Rome, and seeking to please only the majority of the Constituent Assembly. The *National*, his former patron, was so deeply irritated by his first course, that it represented him as having literally lost his reason. His singular evolutions and self-contradiction, which so quickly followed the news of the Assembly's vote, rendered the allegation of the *National* so specious, for his friends, family, and the public in general, that his wife set out in all haste for Rome, to nurse the crazed negotiator. She arrived there the morning after he had departed for Paris with his treaty, by which he truly condemned the French forces to a result as bad as the Candine Forks. He performed the journey from Rome to Paris in four days and a half—the greatest speed known at the time. The ministry had recalled him by telegraph, before his treaty reached them; which, naturally, they at once rejected. A recognition of the Roman republic was the reverse of their whole scheme. It is not uncharitable to infer from all particulars, that the negotiator colluded with the Triumvirate and their privy council, against the French army before Rome, and the cabinet at Paris. He has never been more than what you call a smart man; his official notes were so feeble and so vulnerable in the topics, that they seem to have been concerted with the Roman republic and its French scribes, for the purpose of enabling it to frame victorious and impressive replies, which were immediately transmitted to the Roman committee of the Mountain in Paris, and their common organ, the *National*.

You will see that the French government has authorized an Englishman, Mr. Jacob Brett, to establish a sub-marine electrical telegraph across the channel between Calais and Bologne and Dover. He is to bear all expenses, and retain his privilege for ten years in case of success, which, truly, would be of vast importance to both coun-

tries, and of no small convenience for the world. We are told that M. Segnier, of the French Institute, a practical savant of the first order, is about to be appointed director-general of the French magnetic telegraph, and will, before he enters on his functions, repair to the United States, to become acquainted with your wires and railroads. You have received from me some account of his recent similar errand to Great Britain.

From the same—23d Aug.

Within the three days past this capital has experienced a strong sensation from the various most important news, of which you will have the details in the London papers. The surrender to the Russians of the Hungarian general, Georgey, with a large part of his army, thirty or forty thousand men, seems to decide the struggle. The Austro-Russian forces appear to have been victorious in every direction. Few of the better-informed observers here entertained hope of the success of the Hungarian cause, but still fewer expected so sudden and abrupt a catastrophe. The contest was with two of the most powerful empires in the world. Prussia would have thrown herself into it if it had been protracted. A declaration on the side of Hungary by England (which has never been in the least probable) could not have materially influenced the case. Russia, Austria, and Prussia had too much staked on the issue, to desist through the fear of any British hostilities. With France on their backs, the result might have been different, but the yawning gulf of bankruptcy, and the dread of revolutionary paroxysms at home, would alone have sufficed to restrain the French government. In the legations of the northern powers at Paris, a uniform confidence in the Austro-Russian league has prevailed to a degree that could well beget despondency in the most zealous advocate of Hungary; in the French departments of war and foreign affairs there was also an unfeigned, though somewhat fretting, assurance of the inevitable triumph of the league.

Our *lion* in this capital now is the Peace Congress, which was opened yesterday. Multitudes have repaired to the Rue de Rivoli, to see the fifty Quaker families, reported to be inmates of its hotels. All the journals furnish articles more or less civil to the congress, though with very different measures of faith and honor. The *Debats* has some semi-ironical paragraphs. It observes, "To choose Paris as the centre of a crusade in favor of universal peace, is to carry the war into the very focus or hearth of the enemy."

Louis Philippe is in the enjoyment, in England, of good health and spirits. He is free now, and his nature and his habits before he mounted a throne were such as that he may rejoice in his enlargement.

The clever literary critic of the London Morning Chronicle observes of Mr. Samuel Elliot's work on the *Liberty of Rome*, &c.: "This production, on a first hasty perusal, appears to be characterized by great learning and ability, no less

than by a Christian and philosophic spirit. It is a remarkable work; the style is often highly eloquent, and distinguished generally by calm dignity and power." Similar testimony is borne by the London literary journals.

The London Morning Chronicle of the 10th inst. has an editorial article on the American free soil question; more is promised—a systematic discussion. In the same number of the Chronicle are two extensive documents, suggestive and instructive for the United States. I refer to the report of the commissioner appointed to inquire into the state of the population in the mining districts of Great Britain, and a letter to the lord chancellor from the commissioners on *lunacy*, with regard to their duties and practice.

The Chronicle of the 17th inst. has a continuation of the editorial views of the Wilmot Proviso question. It is severe on the free soil party, and on Presidents Tyler and Polk. The matter is very curious on the whole, if from a foreigner. The writer says:—"The success of the Wilmot Proviso is the doom of slavery." This is to be shown.

Lamartine advertises in his journal all his patrimonial estates. By his writings he has gained as much nearly as Walter Scott received. These men of genius ended in the same ruin, though from different causes, and with very different characters.

The Travels of Lyell and Mackay scale many eyes in Great Britain; perhaps, also, in the United States, where some Americans are not less prejudiced against their own country.

Louis Napoleon has taken up his residence for the vacations, in the palace of St. Cloud. All the vacant ex-royal palaces must, then, be at his disposal!

Nearly all the continental governments are negotiating, or about to negotiate, loans. The comparative prosperity of the Prussian finances is a wonder.

In the *Constitutionnel* of 20th inst., and on the same day in the *Journal des Debats*, there are articles on California, in which the worst aspects are presented by the former, the best by the other. General Riley's proclamation is expounded and praised by both. The *Constitutionnel* treats the plan of the St. Francisco Assembly as revolutionary. Allow me to translate for you a paragraph of each.

From the *Constitutionnel*.

If the attempt of General Riley succeeds, he will preserve the rights and maintain the authority of the central power. Part of the population has already adhered to his proclamation, and consented to pursue the plan he has indicated to them. But the provincial assembly of St. Francisco refuses him the right of taking such a step; it protests against the union of civil and military power, and proposes in its turn, that the different districts should elect delegates for a convention, which should give to California a definitive constitution, without refer-

ence to the will or the ulterior displeasure of the ruling powers at Washington. Such a step would cause a separation between California and the Union, and would be almost equivalent to a declaration of independence. The next news will inform us which have succeeded—the plans of General Riley, or the revolutionary ones of the assembly of San Francisco.

From the *Journal des Debats*.

We return often to the subject of California. It is in fact a most interesting spectacle to behold the Anglo-Saxon race there taking possession, colonizing, administering laws, and making a flourishing country of that, which, a year ago, was a vast desert, and where the immense wealth which it has been discovered to contain, has drawn adventurers from all parts of the world. It is a study full of instruction for France, now attempting the work of colonization, and who for eighteen years has been mistress of one of the most beautiful countries on the face of the globe, where she has expended millions of treasure, and shed the blood of her brave soldiers, but without being able to establish herself permanently on the rich soil and under the delicious climate. For France, still reeling and shuddering from revolution and anarchy, it is well worth the trouble of learning how such a government is founded;—how the concert, liberality, and courage of a handful of honest men, who know what they are about, will succeed in establishing a regular system, make the laws respected, and maintain order and liberty in the midst of a population, of which the elements are, for the most part, as desperate and vicious as those which are now to be found amid the gold mines of San Joaquin and the Sacramento. We must not forget that the greatest number of these intrepid explorers, inured to all danger by their wandering lives, and hardened to all privations and misery, are also men, who, in violence and disorder, do not yield in any degree to the demagogues of our cities, and who have no more idea of respecting property, the rights of *mine* and *thine*, than the socialist school here and elsewhere. But, notwithstanding these evil qualities, which must make a struggle with such men terrible, still, they are in a measure controlled by the energy of honest men, who go to seek fortune by their side. Here, then, is a subject for useful meditation for that laborious but timid population, enemies of anarchy, but who do not know how to unite and organize themselves, which forms the immense majority of the French society, and who have left, more than once, the country without defence, to the hands of a few bold conspirators.

The *Moniteur* of yesterday morning contains the official report from the Council of State, in the case of M. Lesseps, the late envoy or commissioner of France. It censures and condemns his conduct and treaty in the severest terms, and assigns the reasons of this judgment in detail. It pronounces that he entirely violated his instructions, and signed a convention of which the stipulations were contrary to the interests and dignity of France. The *Constitutionnel* of this day has another article on the Canadian question. It is treated as still pregnant with danger for Great Britain, and interest for the United States.

Aug. 1st.—Mr. Agnew said to me this morning, somewhat gravelie, “I observe, cousin, you seem to consider yourself the victim of circumstances.” “And am I not?” I replied. “No,” he answered, “circumstance is a false god, unrecognized by the Christian, who contemns him, though a stubborn yet a profitable servant.”—“That may be alle very grand for a man to doe,” I said. “Very grand, but very feasible, for a woman as well as a man,” rejoined Mr. Agnew, “and we shall be driven to the wall alle our lives, unless we have this victorious struggle with circumstances. I seldom allude, cousin, to yours, which are almoste too delicate for me to meddle with; and yet I hardlie feele justified in letting soe many opportunities escape. Do I offend? or may I go on?—Onlie think, then, how voluntarilie you have placed yourself in your present uncomfortable situation. The tree cannot resist y^e graduall growth of y^e moss upon it; but you might, anie day, anie hour, have freed yourself from the equallie graduall formation of y^e net that has enclosed you at last. You entered too hastilie into your firste—nay, let that pass—you gave too shorte a triall of your new home before you became disgusted with it. Admit it to have beene dull, even unhealthfulle, were you justified in forsaking it at a month’s end? But your husband gave you leave of absence, though obtayned under false pretences.—When you found them to be false, should you not have cleared yourself to him of knowledge of y^e deceit? Then your leave, soe obtayned, expired—shoulde you not have returned then?—Your health and spiritts were recruited; your husband wrote to reclaim you—shoulde you not have returned then? He provided an escort whom your father beat and drove away.—If you had insisted on going to your husband, might you not have gone *then*? Oh cousin, you dare not look up to heaven and say you have been y^e victim of circumstances.”

I made no answer; onlie felt much moven, and very angrie. I said, “If I wished to go back, Mr. Milton would not receive me now.”

“Will you try?” said Roger. “Will you but let me try? Will you let me write to him?”

I had a mind to say “Yes.”—Insteade, I answered “No.”

“Then there’s an end,” cried he sharplie. “Had you made but one fayre triall, whether successfule or noe, I coulde have been satisfied—no, not satisfied, but I woulde have esteemed you, coulde have taken your part. As it is, the less I say just now, perhaps the better. Forgive me for having spoken at alle.”

—Afterwards, I hearde him say to Rose of me, “I verilie believe there is nothing in her on which to make a permanent impression. I verilie think she loves everie one of those long curls of hers more than she loves Mr. Milton.”

(Note:—I will cut them two inches shorter to-night. And they will grow all y^e faster.)

• • • Oh, my sad heart, Roger Agnew hath pierced you at last.

I was moved, more than he thought, by what

he said in y^e morning; and, in writing down y^e heads of his speech, to kill time, a kind of resentment at myselfe came over me, unlike to what I had ever felt before; in spite of my folly about my curls. Seeking for some trifle in a bag that had not been shaken out since I brought it from London, out tumbled a key with curious wards—I knew it at once for one that belonged to a certayn algum-wood casket Mr. Milton had recourse to dailie, because he kept small change in it; and I knew not I had brought it away! ’Twas worked in grotesque, the casket, by Benvenuto, for Clement the Seventh, who for some reason woulde not have it; and soe it came somehow to Clementillo, who gave it to Mr. Milton. Thought I, how uncomfortable the loss of this key must have made him! he must have needed it a hundred times! even if he hath bought a new casket, I will for it he habituallie goes agayn and agayn to y^e old one, and then he remembers that he lost y^e key the same day that he lost his wife. I heartilie wish he had it back. Ah, but he feels not the one loss as he feels the other. Nay, but it is as well that one of them, tho’ y^e lesser, shoulde be repaired. ’T will shew signe of grace, my thinking of him, and may open y^e way, if God wills, to some interchange of kindnesse, however fleeting.

Soe I sought out Mr. Agnew, tapping at his studdy doore. He said, “Come in,” drylie enoughe; and there were he and Rose reading a letter. I said, “I want you to write for me to Mr. Milton.” He gave a sour look, as much as to say he disliked y^e office; which threw me back, as ’t were; he having soe lately proposed it himself. Rose’s eyes, however, dilated with sweete pleasure, as she lookt from one to y^e other of us.

“Well—I fear ’t is too late,” said he at length reluctantly, I mighte almost say grufflie—“what am I to write?”

“To tell him I have this key,” I made answer faltering.

“That key!” cried he.

“Yes, the key of his algum-wood casket, which I knew not I had, and which I think he must miss dailie.”

He lookt at me with y^e utmost impatience. “And is that alle?” he said.

“Yes, alle,” I said trembling.

“And have you nothing more to tell him?” said he.

“No—” after a pause, I replied. Rose’s countenance fell.

“Then you must ask some one else to write for you, Mrs. Milton,” burste forthe Roger Agnew, “unless you choose to write for yourself. I have neither part nor lot in it.”

I burste forthe into teares.

“No, Rose, no,” repeated Mr. Agnew, putting aside his wife, who woulde have interceded for me; “her teares have noe effect on me now—they proceed, not from a contrite heart, they are y^e tears of a child that cannot brook to be chidden for the waywardnesse in which it persists.”

“You doe me wrong everie way,” I said; “I

came to you willing and desirous to doe what you yourselfe would, this morning, have had me doe."

"But in how strange a way!" cried he. "At a time when anie renewal of your intercourse requires to be conducted with y^e utmost delicacy, and even with more show of concession on your part than, an hour ago, I should have deemed needfulle—to propose an abrupt, trivial communication about an old key!"

"It needed not to have beene abrupt," I said, "nor yet trivial; for I meant it to have beene exprest kindlie."

"You said not that before," answered he.

"Because you gave me not time—because you chid me and frightened me."

He stood silent some while upon this; grave, yet softer, and mechanicallie playing with y^e key, which he had taken from my hand. Rose looking in his face anxiously. At length, to disturbe his reverie, she playfully tooke it from him, saying, in school-girl phrase,

"This is the key of the kingdom!"

"Of the kingdom of heaven, it mighte be!" exclaimed Roger, "if we knew how to use it aright! If we knew but how to fit it to y^e wards of Milton's heart!—there's the difficultie—a greater one, poor Moll, than you know; for hithertoe, alle y^e reluctance has been on your part. But now——"

"What now?" I anxiously askt.

"We were talking of you but as you rejoyned us," said Mr. Agnew, "and I was telling Rose that hithertoe I had considered the onlie obstacle to a reunion arose from a false impression of your own, that Mr. Milton could not make you happy. But now I have beene led to y^e conclusion that you cannot make *him* soe, which increases the difficultie."

After a pause, I said, "What makes you think soe?"

"You and he have made me think soe," he replied. "First for yourself, dear Moll, putting aside for a time the consideration of your youth, beauty, franknesse, mirthfullnesse, and a certayn girlish drollerie and mischief that are all very well in fitting time and place—what remains in you for a mind-like John Milton's to repose upon? what stabilitie? what sympathie? what steadfast principle? You take noe pains to apprehend and relish his favorite pursuits; you care not for his wounded feelings; you consult not his interests, anie more than your owne duty. Now, is such the character to make Milton happy?"

"No one can answer that but himself," I replied, deeplie mortified.

"Well—he *has* answered it," said Mr. Agnew, taking up y^e letter he and Rose had beene reading when I interrupted them.—"You must know, cousin, that his and my close friendship hath beene a good deal interrupted by this matter. 'T was under my roof you met. Rose had imparted to me much of her earlie interest in you. I fancied you had good dispositions which, under masterlie trayning, would ripen into noble

principles; and therefore promoted your marriage as far as my interest in your father had weight. I own I was surprised at his easilie obtained consent—but, that *you*, once domesticated with such a man as John Milton, should find your home uninteresting, your affections free to stray back to your owne family, was what I had never contemplated."

Here I made a show of taking the letter, but he held it back.

"No, Moll, you disappointed us everie way. And, for a time, Rose and I were ashamed, for you rather than of you, that we left noe means neglected of trying to preserve your place in your husband's regard. But you did not bear us out; and then he beganne to take it amisse that we upheld you. Soe then, after some warm and cool words, our correspondence languished; and hath but now beene renewed."

"He has written us a most kind condolence," interrupted Rose, "on the death of our baby."

"Yes, most kindlie, most nobly exprest," said Mr. Agnew; "but what a conclusion!"

And then, after this long preamble, he offered me the letter, y^e beginning of which, though doubtlesse well enough, I marked not, being impatient to reach y^e latter part; wherein I found myself spoken of soe bitterlie, soe harshlie, as that I too plainly saw Roger Agnew had not beene beside y^e mark when he decided I could never make Mr. Milton happy. Payned and wounded feeling made me lay aside y^e letter without proffering another word, and retreat without soe much as a sigh or a sob into mine own chamber; but noe longer could y^e restraynt be maintained. I fell to weeping soe passionatlie that Rose prayed to come in, and condoled with me, and advised me, soe as that at length my weeping bated, and I promised to return below when I should have bathed mine eyes and smoothed my hair; but I have not gone down yet.

Bed time.—I think I shall send to father to have me home at y^e beginning of next week. Rose needes me not, now; and it cannot be pleasant to Mr. Agnew to see my sorrowfulle face about y^e house. His reproofe and my husband's together have riven my heart; I think I shall never laugh agayn, nor smile but after a piteous sorte; and soe people will cease to love me, for there is nothing in me of a graver kind to draw their affection; and soe I shall lead a moping life unto y^e end of my dayes.

—Luckilie for me, Rose had much sewing to doe; for she hath undertaken with great energie her labors for y^e poore, and consequentlie spends less time in her husband's study; and, as I help her to y^e best of my means, my sewing hides my lack of talking, and Mr. Agnew reads to us such books as he deems enteratayning; yet half y^e time I hear not what he reads. Still, I did not deeme so much amusement could have beene found in books; and there are some of his, that, if not soe cumbrous, I would fain borrow.

Friday.—I have made up my mind now, that I shall never see Mr. Milton more; and am resolved to submit to it without another tear.

Rose said, this morning, she was glad to see me more composed; and soe am I; but never was more miserable.

Saturday night.—Mr. Agnew's religious services at y^e end of the week have alwaies more than usuall matter and meaning in them. They are neither soe drowsy as those I have beene for manie years accustomed to at home, nor soe wearisome as to remind me of y^e Puritans. Were there manie such as he in our church, so faithfule, fervent, and thoughtfule, methinks there would be fewer schismatics; but still there would be some, because there are alwaies some that like to be y^e uppermost.

—To-nighte, Mr. Agnew's prayers went straight to my heart; and I privilie turned sundrie of his generall petitions into particular ones, for myself and Robin, and also for Mr. Milton. This gave such unwonted relief, that since I entred into my closet, I have repeated the same particularlie; one request seeming to grow out of another, till I remained I know not how long on my knees, and will bend them yet agayn, ere I go to bed.

How sweetlie y^e moon shines through my casement to-night! I am almoste avised to accede to Rose's request of staying here to y^e end of the month:—everie thing here is soe peacefule; and Forrest Hill is dull, now Robin is away.

Sunday evening.—How blessed a Sabbath!—Can it be, that I thought, onlie two days back, I shoulde never know peace agayn? Joy I may not, but peace I can and doe. And yet nought hath amended y^e unfortunate condition of mine affairs; but a different coloring is caste upon them—the Lord grant that it may last! How hath it come soe, and how may it be preserved! This morn, when I awoke, 'twas with a sense of relief such as we have when we miss some wearying bodilie payn; a feeling as though I had beene forgiven, yet not by Mr. Milton, for I knew he had not forgiven me. Then, it must be, I was forgiven by God; and why? I had done nothing to get his forgiveness, only presumed on his mercy to ask manie things I had noe right to expect. And yet I felt I was forgiven. Why, then, mighte not Mr. Milton some day forgive me! Should y^e debt of ten thousand talents be cancelled, and not y^e debt of a hundred pence? Then I thought on that same word, talents; and considered, had I ten, or even one! Decided to consider it at leisure, more closelie, and to make over to God henceforthe, be they ten, or be it one. Then, dressed with much composure, and went down to breakfast.

Having marked that Mr. Agnew and Rose affected not companie on this day, spent it chiefly by myself, except at church and meal times; partlie in my chamber, partlie in y^e garden bowre by the bee-hives. Made manie resolutions, which,

in church, I converted into prayers and promises. Hence, my holy peace.

Monday.—Rose proposed, this morning, we shoulde resume our studdies. Felt loth to comply, but did soe nevertheless, and afterwards we walked manie miles to visit some poor folk. This evening, Mr. Agnew read us y^e prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*. How lifelike are y^e portraictures! I mind me that Mr. Milton shewed me y^e Talbot Inn, that day we crost the river with Mr. Marvell.

Tuesday.—How heartilie do I wish I had never read that same letter!—or rather, that it had never beene written. Thus it is, even with our wishes. We think ourselves reasonable in wishing some small thing were otherwise, which it were quite as impossible to alter as some great thing. Neverthelesse I cannot help fretting over y^e remembrance of that part wherein he spake such bitter things of my "most ungoverned passion for revellings and junketings." Sure, he would not call my life too merrie now, could he see me lying wakefulle on my bed—could he see me preventing y^e morning watch—could he see me at my prayers, at my books, at my needle. — He shall find he hath judged too hardly of Moll, even yet.

Wednesday.—Took a cold dinner in a basket with us to-day, and ate our rusticall repast on y^e skirt of a wood, where we could see y^e squirrels at theire gambols. Mr. Agnew lay on y^e grass, and Rose took out her knitting, whereat he laught, and sayd she was like y^e Dutch women, that must knit, whether mourning or feasting, and even on y^e Sabbath. Having laught her out of her work, he drew forth Mr. George Herbert's poems, and read us a strayn which pleased Rose and me soe much, that I shall copy it herein, to have always by me.

How fresh, oh Lord; how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! e'en as y^e flowers in spring,
To which, beside theire owne demesne,
The late pent frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away like snow in May,
As if there were noe such cold thing.
Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
Woulde have recovered greenness! it was gone
Quite underground, as flowers depart
To see their mother root, when they have blown,
Where they together, alle y^e hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house alone.
These are thy wonders, Lord of power!
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven, in an hour,
Making a chiming of a passing bell.
We say amiss "this or that is;"
Thy word is alle, if we could spell.

Oh that I once past changing were!
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flowers can wither;
Manie a spring I shoot up faire,
Offering at heaven, growing and groaning tither,
Nor doth my flower want a spring shower,
My sins and I joyning together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were my own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline.—
What frost to that! What pole is not y^e zone
Where alle things burn, when thou dost turn,
And y^e least frown of thine is shewn!

And now, in age, I bud agayn,
After soe manie deaths, I bud and write,
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing! Oh my onlie light!
It cannot be that I am he
On whom thy tempests fell alle night!

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide,

Which, when we once can feel and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.
Who would be more, swelling their store,
Forfeit their Paradise by theire pride.

Thursday.—Father sent over Diggory with a letter for me from deare Robin; alsoe, to ask when I was minded to return home, as mother wants to goe to Sandford. Fixed the week after next; but Rose says I must be here agayn at y^e apple-gathering. Answered Robin's letter. He looketh not for choyce of fine words; nor noteth an error here and there in y^e spelling.

[CHARM OF A FAMILIAR OBJECT SEEN IN ITS HAPPIEST LIGHT.]

MRS. CARTER, speaking of her journey home, in one of her letters to Mrs. Montagu, says, "I need not tell you, for I am sure you feel it, how much I longed for you to share with me in every view that pleased me; but there was one of such striking beauty, that I was half-wild with impatience at your being so many miles distant. To be sure the wise people, and the gay people, and the silly people of this worky-day world, and for the matter of that, all the people but you and I, would laugh to hear that this object which I was so undone at your not seeing, was no other than a single honey-suckle. It grew in a shady lane, and was surrounded by the deepest verdure, while its own figure and coloring, which were quite perfect, were illuminated by a ray of sunshine. There are some common objects, sometimes placed in such a situation, viewed in such a light, and attended by such accompaniments, as to be seen but once in a whole life, and to give one a pleasure entirely new; and this is one of them."—*Mrs. Carter's Letters to Mrs. Montagu*, vol. 1, p. 117.

[HUMAN NATURE OPPOSITELY ESTIMATED.]

"FROM those that have searched into the state of human nature, we have sometimes received very different and incompatible accounts; as though the inquirers had not been so much learning as fashioning the subject they had in hand; and that as arbitrarily as a heathen carver, that could make either a god or a tressel out of the same piece of wood. For some have cried down Nature into such a desperate impotency, as would render the grace of God ineffectual; and others, on the contrary, have invested her with such power and self-sufficiency, as would render the grace of God superfluous. The first of these opinions wrongs nature in defect, by allowing her no strength, which in consequence must make men desperate. The second wrongs nature in excess, by imputing too much strength, which in effect must make men confident; and both of them do equally destroy the reason of our application to God for strength. For neither will the man that is well in conceit, nor yet the desperate, apply himself to a physician; because the one cries there is no need, the other, there is no help."—*Dean Young's Sermons*, vol. 1, p. 4.

[ROWLAND HILL'S "FARRAGO."]

"A NOBLEMAN, well known on the turf, accidentally fell in company with a gentleman whose heart and head were chiefly occupied with some

small controversies that had lately taken place among the two sects of Methodism. The man of zeal very eagerly asked his lordship if he had seen Mr. Hill's *Farrago*? His lordship, whose ideas ran on Newmarket, whither he was at that time bound, replied, he had not—and begged the gentleman to inform him by whom *Farrago* was made.—'Made!—why I told you, my lord—by Mr. Hill himself.'—'The d—l he was,' said my lord; 'pray, sir, out of what mare?'—'Mare! my lord—I don't understand you.'—'Not understand me!' said the noble jockey. 'Why, is it not a horse you are talking about?'—'A horse! my lord—why you are strangely out. No, I am not talking about a horse, I am talking about a book.'—'A book?'—'Yes, my lord, and a most excellent one indeed, against John Wesley and universal redemption, by Mr. Rowland Hill—the GREAT Mr. Hill, my lord, whom everybody knows to be the first preacher of the age, and the son of the first baronet in the kingdom.'—'I ask his pardon,' said his lordship, 'for not having heard either of him or his book—but I really thought you was talking about a horse for Newmarket.' It is indeed of little consequence to 'those persons who now lead the opinions of a great part of Europe,' whether Mr. Rowland Hill's *Farrago* be a horse or a book: whether it is to start for the sweepstakes at Newmarket or the Tabernacle: and it is a matter of perfect indifference to them whether it wins or loses the odds. The contention is too trifling, and the success too insignificant, to excite either hope or fear for one moment."—*Monthly Review*, vol. 62, 1780,—*Williams's Lectures on the Duties of Religion and Morality*, p. 98.

[CHANGE OF TASTE IN THE COMPOSITION OF SERMONS.]

"THERE is a taste in moral and religious as well as other compositions, which varies in different ages, and may very lawfully and innocently be indulged. Thousands received instruction and consolation formerly from sermons, which would not now be endured. The preachers of them served their generation, and are blessed for evermore. But because provision was made for the wants of the last century in one way, there is no reason why it should not be made for the wants of this in another. The next will behold a set of writers of a fashion suited to it, when our discourses shall in their turn be antiquated and forgotten among men; though if any good be wrought by them in this their day, our hope is, with that of faithful Nehemiah, that our God will remember us concerning them."—*Bishop (Rev. Dr.) Horne, Preface to his Discourses*, 1779.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazine*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

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J. Q. ADAMS.